

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

February 15, 1949

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

Let's Cut Taxes — the Right Taxes

IT LOOKS as if the Canadian Government will have another big surplus this year, \$600 millions or better. With an election in the near future, everyone looks forward hungrily to some man-sized tax relief for the first time in seven years.

Politics aside, it's probably time for a tax cut. Last year Finance Minister Abbott made a courageous and unpopular decision, but, we believe, a right one. He decided tax reductions in 1948 would only add to the inflationary pressure and force prices even higher by adding to the public's buying power without adding to the supply of goods available. So he left the high taxes alone.

This year is different. The seller's market is coming to an end—that ugly word "surplus" is cropping up again in regard to many commodities. Prices are beginning to drop a bit, which is a good thing only so long as they don't take a headlong plunge.

The move toward tax relief, however, could go too far. The pressure of inflation may have slackened enough to make further debt reduction unnecessary now, but 1949 is certainly not a year for deficit financing. And a too optimistic budget could run us into a deficit very quickly.

Expenditures are sure to be higher this year than last. The defense budget is up, probably by a \$100 millions or so, and if more recruits and supplies become available it ought to go up even more. Even if tax revenues remain as high as ever, the surplus would shrink. And tax revenues themselves are vulnerable. A drop

in national income would melt them like April snow.

If the Government does plan tax cuts (and we believe it should) they ought not to be planned in a light-hearted fashion. They ought to be accompanied by a program and a mood of rigorous economy in the Government itself.

We do not suggest the elimination of major services; we do suggest that the whole machine of Government could be operated for less money, with no loss of efficiency. There is still a conspicuous waste of effort and duplication of function in many government activities.

Furthermore, the tax reductions themselves should be carefully designed to increase the productive efficiency of Canada, not merely to win votes. A cut in income tax is instantly visible and correspondingly popular, but there are other taxes which need attention.

The manufacturer's sales tax is the worst of them—eight cents tax on every dollar at the manufacturer's level becomes much more than an eight-cent levy on the consumer by the time wholesale and retail markups have been calculated on the basis of cost plus tax. Taxes of this kind add to the over-all cost of production, tend to slow down the economy and increase prices paid by the consumer without yielding a commensurate return to the Government.

The 1949 budget involves decisions of the greatest gravity for Canada, and the right policy will not necessarily be the smartest policy, politically. We hope the Government will have the courage to do the wise thing and trust the Canadian voter to understand it.

The Record-Player Blues

IN THE new long-playing record, phonograph makers seem to have hit on a major improvement—you can play a whole symphony or whole acts from an opera without changing records. Instead of an expensive automatic changer you need only a turntable that sells in the United States for less than \$30 and in Canada for less than \$50.

But there's a large fly in this ointment. Two big companies have each produced their own long-playing machine and the two don't match. One turns the record at 33½ revolutions per minute, the other at 45. Also, their grooves are of different sizes—even if you had a three-speed motor to handle the two new speeds

and the old standard 78 revolutions a minute you still couldn't play all three types of records with one type of needle. What's more, one make of record has an oversize centre hole.

This is silly. It's the kind of competition run-mad that used to inspire railways to use different track widths, or manufacturers to use different screw threads.

Up to now, the phonograph record has been universally exchangeable—American, British, German, French, all were recorded at 78 revolutions per minute and all could be played on any machine. If the consumer is to get the maximum benefit from this great new advance the industry should get together and agree on a standard size and speed for the long-playing record.



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Living a Good Life with a Bad Heart



1. To look at him, you would never guess that there is anything wrong with this man's heart. He is just a bit over 50 years old, active, happy, and getting a lot of enjoyment out of life—yet he has heart disease.

Like everyone else his age, his heart had beaten about one and three quarter billion times. Of course it was not as strong or as adaptable to sudden de-

mands as it had been in youth, but he had no warning signs of heart trouble.

As a result of periodic medical examinations, his doctor was able to detect his impaired heart early, when chances for improvement are best. Today, by following his physician's advice, this man can lead a useful life of nearly normal activity.



2. He enjoys many mild forms of exercise, but carefully avoids any overexertion which might further strain his weakened heart.



4. He is able to carry on his daily work, but allows plenty of time for sleep and rest. His heart then will have a chance to rest, too.



3. By eating moderately, he lightens the work of his heart during digestion. This helps to avoid overweight, which is always a burden for the heart.



5. He maintains a calm and cheerful outlook, for his doctor explained that fear, worry, or nervousness might make his condition more serious.

MEDICAL SCIENCE has made many advances in treating heart ailments and more research than ever is being done on these diseases.

Participating in this great work is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life insurance companies in Canada and the United States, which is devoting all its resources to studies of this problem.

For other helpful information about heart disease, read for Metropolitan's free booklet, 29-M, entitled, "Your Heart."

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

THE response to our request for votes and comments on the 24 covers we carried during 1948 proved so generous, varied and cogent that we have been able to reach the following conclusions and make them a major plank of our editorial platform for 1949:

- (a) Some people like our covers.
- (b) Some people don't.

We'd be fools not to add at this juncture, however, that with 1,184 letters in, the ayes outnumbered the nays by approximately seven to one. To come right out with it, the enthusiasm for our show-window art exceeded our wildest dreams. And even the readers who had beefs to lodge entered them more in sorrow than in anger. As for instance, Alex F. Clarke of Vancouver, who noted: "I have been a subscriber to Maclean's from away back and it is my favorite magazine. Regarding your covers, very few of them irritate me—which is something in a twice-monthly publication." And even though Mrs. Arvid Elliott of Aylesbury, Sask., dealt us such a blow that we were left for dead, it was clear that she meant it for our own good. "Never mind," Mrs. Elliott wrote, "your Chateleine covers make up for any beauty lacking in your Maclean's covers."

●The formal balloting, which was so close it became downright exciting before the end, indicated that the three most popular covers we carried in 1948 were, in order: Franklin Arbuckle's Dec. 15 painting of Santa Claus in multi smuggling a dog through a doorway; the Feb. 1 color photograph of Barbara Ann Scott by Rice and Bell of Toronto; W. A. Winter's Dec. 1 torture scene of a small boy being prepared for a Christmas pageant.

When it came time to select the prize-winning letters, the mixture of brimming praise and kindly chastisement to which we had been subjected went completely to our heads, and we decided to award six prizes instead of the four we had promised. These go to Leslie Stuart, 82 Broadway Avenue, Toronto; Mrs. M. E. Child, Durban, Man.; Mrs. Joan Robinson, 19 Mount Pleasant Avenue,

Ottawa; J. C. Lewis, 445 Grant Street, Montreal; Ida N. Vyse, Langley Prairie, B.C.; and Katharina Sherwood Fox, 270 Regent Street, London, Ont. Mr. Stuart gets \$25, each of the others \$10.

●It's impossible, unfortunately, to print the winning letters, but all of them showed—either through the pat on the back or the sor-



The Winner — Santa in multi.

rowful rebuke—an understanding of what we're groping for. In one form or another they all said what Mr. Stuart said: "Your best cover choices for Canada's national magazine are those which combine genuine human interest with something distinctively Canadian." If we had to pin down our cover policy to a few words, those would come as close as any—although we hasten to add that we'd be reluctant to adopt any exact formula which would automatically exclude any kind of cover that seems attractive and interesting.

Which winds up this Saturnalia of self-approbation, leaving us only a few brief seconds to throw the spotlight back on the people who should have been under it all the time—the painters and photographers who execute our covers. We congratulate them on their efforts in 1948 and hope that in spite of our fussy meddling they will manage to do even better in 1949.

The Editors

MAILBAG

Addled Spellers And Crooked Flues

Our Spelling

Please keep on spelling "traveler" with one "l," "flavor" without the "u," and so forth. Far from being Americanisms these spellings have been used by authoritative writers for more than 300 years.—J. Gordon.

● By all means give Mrs. J. J. Walker of Edmonton (Mailbag, Jan. 1) two 'ell's. She is a bear for punishment. Most of us are satisfied with one 'ell.—F. F. Forneri, Sidney, B. C.

● Your spelling! Mailbag Jan. 1 cartoon... One can't ignore the fact that the name on what is presumably a dictionary under the arm of the schoolma'am should be spelled "Webster"—Harry E. Chillman, Toronto.

That's a job, son.—The Editors.

What Happened to the Stovepipe?

I am sending you this little note on account of your Jan. 1 cover. I find it very strange. It must be a mistake from the artist who designed it. I suppose he does not know anything about construction, by the fact he put a window over the fireplace and the chimney on the opposite side of the fireplace. In



the kitchen the pipe of the stove is going not anywhere. So I think it is another mistake. I am doing these remarks not because I want to be unpleasant but simply by the fact I am one of your members. I like very much to read your Maclean's Mag. even if I don't know very well my English.—Charles Dubé, Quebec.

"If Christ Came"

Beverley Baxter's article "If Christ Came Today" (Dec. 15) would suggest that he has the necessary common

sense to write intelligently along these lines. Let us have more articles like it.—R. M. Armstrong, Annapolis Royal, N. S.

●... most timely and courageous...—Bessie Martin, Brantford, Ont.

●... a Christmas sermon better than I have ever heard...—Mrs. May Fowler, Hopkins Landing, B.C.

● I wish to voice my strong objection to the sentence where (Baxter) says that if Christ were to come to Palestine today he would be killed by guns financed from New York and produced by Skoda. Does it occur to Mr. Baxter that Christ was a Jew and would be far more likely to be killed by guns fired by the Transjordan armies financed by Downing Street and fired possibly by British army officers?—S. J. Wilson, Toronto.

● When Christ... appears on this earth again He will make permanent peace and set up a kingdom that shall never be cut down.—P. S. Parker, Elmsdale, N. S.

● Looking for a remote God to bring peace to our firesides is a fallacy. Unless men take it upon themselves to bring peace into the world and have faith accordingly, what is there to prevent war?—Alan Leslie Greig, Victoria, B. C.

Ernest Buckler's Stories

"Penny in the Dust" (by Ernest Buckler, Dec. 15) reminded me of my own boyhood days. I was such an imaginative youngster—just like the one in the story—and it gripped me. Imagine me at 81 shedding tears over it!—E. H. Thomas, Houston, Tex.

● On behalf of the 2,000-odd writers (including myself) whose stories were in the runners-up class in your short story contest, may I give Ernest Buckler, the first prize winner ("The Quarrel," Jan. 15), our heartiest congratulations and John Jeffrey Symons, the second prize winner, our heartiest congratulations and Fred Sisman, the third prize winner, our congratulations.—Allan Alter, Toronto.

Fiction Controversy

I was much interested in the letter from Mrs. C. L. White, Windsor (who criticized Maclean's short stories as "a lot of crazy nonsense" in Mailbag, Nov. 1). If you should take her advice I would cancel my subscription at once... Maybe if the lady would stop going to so many crazy movies she might obtain a little higher learning.—M. E. Muntz, Toronto.

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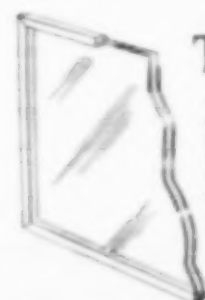


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STALIN IS LOSING IN ASIA

By WILLIAM COSTELLO

CBS Asiatic Correspondent

Railways follow the Communist advance.
But does the main line lead to Moscow?

REUTERS PHOTO



TOKYO—In Asia six months ago the western democracies were on the verge of losing the cold war. Today, notwithstanding the apparent successes of Communist armies in China, the tide of communism is receding. There is a tentative conviction among Asians that the United States is at last evolving a humanitarian foreign policy for Asia. There is a feeling that Harry Truman—no longer living on borrowed time in the White House—is ready to assert the Four Freedoms and his own civil rights program on a world-wide scale.

Let, there, however, be no misunderstanding: there is still a revolutionary ferment in Asia. The ricksha coolies of Shanghai are sullen; so are the stevedores of Korea, the tin miners of Malaya, and a motley assortment of disillusioned students, intellectuals and landless peasants throughout the rice-eating half of the globe. There is a deep undercurrent of unrest often expressing itself in Com-

munist slogans, but it is increasingly difficult to identify this species of mass discontent with the authentic made-in-Moscow brand of Stalinist doctrine.

Prior to Mr. Truman's surprise victory at the American ballot box, the western world had coasted along in a complacent belief that decisions in Asia could be postponed. Intelligence reports showed Russia was making no systematic, concerted effort to win control of governments in the Far East; the assumption, therefore, was that the western democracies were under no urgent compulsion to court allegiance in the Orient. American economic aid, in small quantities, was being scattered with fine, impulsive generosity—but with no visible attempt at over-all planning and co-ordination.

It was not until the armies of Mao Tse-tung, the Chinese Red leader, posed a threat of Communist mastery in the heart of

Continued on page 8

First Uncle Joe exploited Asia's cry, "No Outsiders!"
Now Uncle Sam has learned a lesson — and it may pay off

They Died for 7 Cents a Day

By DR. ROBERT B. McCLURE

as told to Ian MacKenzie

SIX WEEKS ago I left Hankow, the Chicago of China. Hankow, in Nationalist hands, was surrounded by Communist forces. Let me tell you something of the civil war in China as I saw it.

Get out of your mind the picture of war as we knew it between 1939 and 1945, of armies advancing and retreating along controlled lines, exchanging artillery fire, engaging each other with infantry and tanks, according to orthodox military textbooks.

When I left the war was a hotchpotch of small fronts, few of them more than five miles long. You got pools of Communist territory in the middle of Nationalist territory, and vice versa. It was often simple to pass from one zone to another. Even in battle areas industry, commerce, education, medicine and the arts were practiced with some degree of normality.

With a few heroic exceptions most of the fighting was half-hearted. The Communists won not by frontal assault but by internal boring.

After Japan was beaten, Chiang Kai-shek advanced against the Communists into what had been Japanese-occupied China. He used the same tactics as the Japanese had employed against him. Owing to the expense of the country a clean sweep on a continuous front was impossible. Therefore he sent columns forward to seize key points, generally in towns and cities.

When the Communists saw the setup they returned, not to give open assault, but to surround the Nationalist garrisons. Nationalists held the cities. Communists held the country. The Communists developed an aggressive spirit while the Nationalists went more and more onto the defensive.

From time to time there would be a ferocious battle between Nationalists and Communists, with both sides fighting well. In winter I have seen corpses stacked in side streets, 10 feet high, like cordwood, awaiting burial in the spring.

But the great mass of the Nationalist Army lacked spirit. Nationalist generals had to be military tacticians, politicians and provincial governors all at the same time. Their diverse responsibilities made them Jacks-of-all-trades, masters of none. Field officers were so badly paid a full colonel received the equal of 12 dollars a month—that they took to selling army supplies to keep. *Continued on page 46*

Here's a behind-lines view of China's cruel war, where enemy has sold to enemy so that both might fight on

Continued from page 7

the Asiatic continent that storm signals were hoisted in the chancelleries of the western world. Even then the reasons for sensational Chinese Red success remained largely incomprehensible to westerners.

The democracies have been slow to recognize that there exists an essential difference between the anti-Communist struggles in Europe and in Asia. The ideological warfare in Europe is a straightforward, bare-knuckled slugging match between the Soviet Union and the western democracies. There are only two antagonists. In Asia the battle is triangular. Both Communism and democracy in the Far East are puny second-raters by comparison with the giant forces of nationalism.

More than anything else the people of Asia hunger for freedom, independence, the right to govern themselves and make their own mistakes. The most successful political slogan, as Communist Michael Borodin told Chiang Kai-shek in 1923, is "anti-imperialism." First and foremost, the nations of the Far East want liberation from outside domination, whether that domination be greedy or benevolent. They are willing to make friends with anyone who will help them achieve independence.

With the onset of the cold war in Europe, western statesmen proceeded on the assumption that they could fight Communism as they had fought Germany and Japan—with a single set of strategy and tactics. They made no distinction between Europe and Asia. They made no allowance for the third gladiator in the Far Eastern arena.

It was that oversight which, until six months ago, threatened to let Asia go to Communism by default. So long as the western democracies ignored the Orient's passionate desire for nationalism and self-determination, it was easy for Communism to make friends and win converts. In the mind of most Orientals, Communism was merely an avenue of protest, a weapon with which to carry on the struggle against foreign exploitation and imperialism. Communism in Asia received its greatest impetus, not from Moscow, but from the stubborn refusal of western nations to recognize the freedom-loving aspirations of the submerged peoples of Asia.

By historic coincidence the Communist military machine in China reached the peak of its power just at the time of President Truman's re-election. This was Communism's score in Asia up to then:

Group I. Communist: Siberia, Outer Mongolia and Manchuria.

Group II. Half-Communist: Korea and China.

Group III. Communism possible: Indo-China, Malaya and Burma.

Group IV. Communism possible but unlikely: Indonesia, Siam and Afghanistan.

Group V. Non-Communist: India, the Philippines and Japan.

In the first four groups, where Communism is either entrenched or conceded a theoretical possibility of winning control, the population is roughly 800 million—twice the population of group five. Moving in a path from northwest to southeast, Communism had plunged deep into the Chinese land mass, and was taking skilful advantage of economic hardship and unrest to further its aims in southeast Asia. Potential opposition to Communism existed only in the arc extending from the British Commonwealth's anchor in India, through the Philippines to the emperor-worshipping, Communist-hating Japanese who had miraculously become the anchor of the United States' Far Eastern hopes.

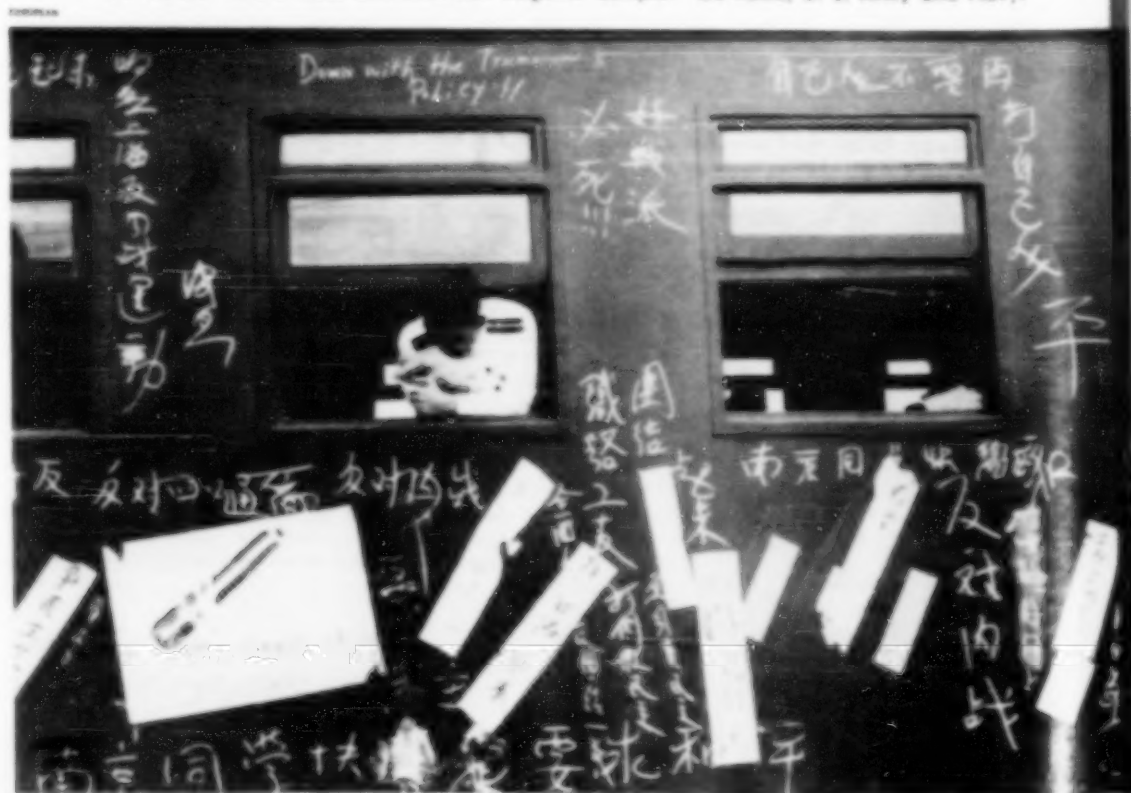
Throughout the Far East the Communist party has consistently preached two doctrines. The first was nationalism—the plea that backward and subject peoples are entitled to complete independence. This is peddled as the "democratic revolution."

The sales appeal of the democratic revolution lies in the fact that it stands ready to compromise with capitalism. It does not insist on immediate expropriation of land, on elimination of private trade, or abolition of private employment for wages. Through personal interviews with Communist leaders in Japan, Korea, China and the Philippines, I have satisfied myself that Asiatic Communism consistently follows a pattern laid down in Moscow between 1923 and 1927. It employs what might be called the method of "Fabian Communism"—a gradual, evolutionary transformation from feudal society through the stage of modified capitalism and socialism into pure Communism.

The second doctrine, which is frankly avowed but not generally used in Communist party propaganda, is that the democratic revolution must ultimately be succeeded by the stage of "socialist revolution." The distinction was made clear by the leader of China's Communist Party, Mao Tse-tung, in his book, "China's New Democracy," in which he said: "Besides the stage of democratic revolution, there is also the stage of socialist revolution to Communism."

Reduced to its simplest political terms, the situation in Asia during *Continued on page 44*

"Democrats" wrote these anti-American slogans. Sample: "Go home, U. S. Army and Navy."



By CHARLES NEVILLE

CAN a man and woman commit adultery without seeing or knowing each other, while remaining miles apart? Incredible as it seems, judges, lawyers, churchmen and doctors throughout the world are answering "Yes."

It is one of the most sensational and controversial problems of our day. Let's look at a specific case . . .

In the maternity ward of a Toronto hospital a white-gowned doctor strides down a dimly lit corridor, finds the nervous father entrenched behind a pile of cigarette butts in the waiting room and announces jovially: "It's a boy." Then the doctor looks closer and adds: "And, by golly, he looks just like you. A chip off the old block!"

The father laughs heartily—much more heartily than a normal new father should under the circumstances. The doctor will never know what the joke was.

For, unknown even to the doctor who delivered the baby, unknown to everyone except the mother, her husband and another doctor, the "chip off the old block" is a "test-tube baby" and the husband is a sterile man who can father no children of his own. With the husband's consent, the wife had been artificially inseminated.

The donor was known only to the doctor who performed the operation.

As soon as it became evident that the wife was pregnant, the doctor who superintended the artificial insemination advised her to call in a different doctor for prenatal care and delivery. Though not essential, this assures that from the very beginning of prenatal life the infant goes down on the records as a normal child of the man and woman concerned.

This couple had waited 11 years in vain for a child. Both wanted a baby and, secretly, each blamed the other. When at last they took their problem to a doctor, their marriage was becoming strained; a barrier was growing between them.

Today, thanks to scientific assistance, they have a bright, healthier-than-normal son a year old, and their married life is happier than it has been since the days of their honeymoon.

And it is no accident that friends and relatives say the boy looks just like his "daddy," for the doctor who performed the artificial insemination spent two weeks seeking a donor with matching features, hair, physique and personality.

Carefully guarding the couple's identity, the doctor commented: "I think that within a few years they would have separated. The wife possessed strong mother instincts, and wanted a baby of her own. She wouldn't hear of adoption. She had become frustrated, nervous and high-strung."

"Today, I'll bet there isn't a happier couple in Toronto. The husband tells me he sometimes has to pinch himself to remember that he isn't the real father."

"He suffered through his wife's pregnancy like any other father, he paid the bills, the baby looks like him, he selected its name, he saw the baby in the hospital almost as soon as his wife did, and even the grandparents call him the father without knowing the real story."

The basic purpose of artificial insemination demands complete secrecy and there are no accurate statistics to reveal how many such children there are in the world today. It is resorted to in three types of cases: 1, where the husband is sterile, in which case an outside donor is used; 2, where the husband or his family have a hereditary mental or physical affliction which

might be passed on to his offspring, in which, again, a donor is used; and 3, where the husband and wife are fertile, but where, because of some physical trouble, pregnancy cannot result from normal marriage relations but can be induced when the wife is artificially inseminated with the husband's sperm.

Artificial insemination by donor is known as AID, when the husband's sperm can be used, as AIH. It has been practiced more widely in the U. S. than anywhere else.

Early in 1948 artificial insemination figured in a paternity case in New York City and the court was told at that time that there were probably

husband's consent make it any different, morally or legally? Is an AID baby, though wanted by both the mother and her sterile husband, illegitimate? Are the parents committing perjury when they register it as their own child? And what is its legal rating if a husband, who originally agreed to the scheme, changes his mind and repudiates the child later? Has the child a legal leg to stand on if its mother and foster father die and a decision on its inheritance rating winds up in the lap of a staid court judge? What might happen if in later life the child develops such an unmistakable resemblance to its real father that this unknown donor becomes recognized? What about the opportunities offered for what might well become history's most vicious form of blackmail? And if the practice becomes commoner so that there may be many children in a city with the same donor father, how great might be the danger of half sisters marrying half brothers, unaware of their relationship?

Psychologists warn of these threats to emotional stability: will the mother dream of the child's father, whom she has never seen and only heard of vaguely, and lose her love for the husband who couldn't give her a child? Or will the husband, watching the growing up of his wife's child which he was physically unable to father, develop an inferiority complex? Will he come to hate the child?

Churchmen See Vice

NOT ONE of these questions has been finally answered. The legal conundrums posed by artificial donor-insemination births have been argued in a few Canadian, U. S. and British court cases and judges have handed down decisions, but these court precedents are not law and anyway the judgments have been far from unanimous.

In no country have the lawmakers yet worked out a clear-cut legal status for the AID child. Many church bodies have had their say about the moral rights and wrongs of artificial insemination (mostly wrongs, the churchmen think), but throughout the world artificial insemination is legal today, not because any government has called it legal, but merely because no one in authority has got around to calling it illegal.

Briefly, it can be said that most courts and church bodies have called AID children "illegitimate . . . the product of adultery," or words that mean the same thing.

Let's go back to that Toronto couple mentioned earlier and trace the history of their case from the beginning. After 11 years of waiting for a baby, they go to a doctor. They choose, by accident, one of the four Toronto obstetricians who perform artificial inseminations.

Examination quickly reveals that the wife is fertile but her husband sterile. One out of 10 Canadian couples is unable to have children and, of these barren marriages, one third is due to sterility in the husband. Male sterility has nothing to do with potency or masculinity as commonly thought; it may be due to something as simple as mumps, or an athletic injury.

The doctor recommends adoption but the couple won't hear of it, and husband and wife counter at once with a request for information on artificial insemination. The obstetrician refuses point-blank to perform an artificial insemination, but explains the process carefully, outlines its legal and emotional dangers, then sends them home to reconsider their decision about adopting a baby.

"I always say 'no' to artificial insemination and recommend adoption when a patient first brings the subject up," the

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IS IT ADULTERY ?

20,000 AID children being raised in the U. S.

A doctor who is one of Canada's few AID specialists said he thought the number in Canada was proportionately far lower than in the U. S. There were probably 100, most of them five years old or younger, in Toronto and Montreal, and maybe another dozen or so in other parts of Canada.

Britain has at least two artificial insemination clinics, and AID has been practiced there since World War I, yet newspaper estimates on the number of British AID children are always under 500. Canadian and U. S. doctors say the number must be much larger.

AID is known to have been used for childless couples in Russia, Germany and France, before the war. No one knows how common the practice was, or is today.

Thousands of couples whose married lives were barren and empty because of childlessness are proud, happy parents today through artificial insemination. Yet science, in making the lives of these couples happy, has confounded the lawyers, the judges, the moralists, and psychologists with as knotty a problem as mankind has faced since Darwin pitched the world into its squabble over evolution.

When a wife permits herself to be artificially impregnated with the seed of a man not her husband, has she committed adultery? Does the

Through artificial insemination, more and more couples unable to have children together are happily raising the babies of fathers they have never seen. Are such children illegitimate?



THE TIN COAT

By FRED SLOMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLFE PRYNE

IN THINKING over the whole thing long after, Margaret remembered vaguely something about a crackpot theorist who had once tried to show that no man lives to himself, that if there was fear in Japan, there would immediately be fear in Mexico and in Alaska. And if a physicist in Siam evolves a new equation into the fifth dimension, a mind in Paraguay and another in Russia would immediately evolve the same.

She did not bother to translate this truth into terms of her own—not as it concerned herself, her child, Susan, or her husband, Bill—or the little tin coat. She did not say to herself that a father can call to his kid from beyond the Rockies, and that living cells all over the world can become agitated as though all minds were but just branches of a master father mind. She did not think this specifically, either later or as she traveled east on the transcontinental with Susan—and the little tin coat.

If it hadn't been for the tiny black spot on the white tablecloth she wouldn't have left for Montreal—a spot about three millimetres in diameter.

"There's a hundred and twenty-eight thousand cubic yards of hard rock to heave out, and by the holy-old-hell, she's going to be done by March. Gad! You ought to see those boys work! There's a Swede that . . ." and it was at that point that he put his lopsided pipe down and one tiny hot bit of tobacco rolled out and made the spot.

She didn't notice that the guests were listening fascinated to the story of how the Swede had hooked his hoist to the rock and eased it up in the sludge just enough to save a man from under the treads, before machine and Swede and sludge had gone into the river to oblivion.

She did notice that as he held out the silver fork against the flower vase to illustrate how the Swede had hitched the hoist to the jutting rock, his shirt was the one with the little rust spot on the breast.

She had told him a dozen times not to wear that shirt. That rust spot had kept them twenty minutes late for Mrs. McAlpine's dinner because he had stopped to help a Model T and a trailer loaded with bits of scrap iron.



WINNER OF THIRD PRIZE IN MACLEAN'S SHORT STORY CONTEST

Other men could smoke cigarettes, but he had to smoke that dirty old pipe that had the bowl burned halfway down.

Dinner had been a success and she knew it. It had sparkled in a way that other women of her set would envy. They had talked of Picasso and of a book about a romance in an undertaker's parlors, and everything had been perfect until the spot came on the tablecloth.

The forthright Marion Agnew had plumped her two elbows on the table and listened to talk about mud and rocks as if she were listening to Polonius or Herbert Tree, and Douglas Stewart's long white fingers had plucked nervously at his lips in that funny mannerism of his one noticed in the awkward pause at rehearsal just before he changed a few bars for the bass viol or the second violins.

Her guests were polite and refined. And she was too refined in thought and word and deed, but in her anger only the crude words of her farm-bred grandmother came to her. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

That was the trouble. She was married to a sow's ear.

That burned spot on the white tablecloth was more important than the whole damned Fraser River.

THAT night, long long after the guests were gone, he had broken his pipe in two and dropped the pieces in the kitchen stove. He had torn his shirt from hem to collar and dropped it in the paper basket. He had gone out in the car and had slept with the men at the dam.

Next night they had meant to act just as though nothing had happened, but somehow they recalled the time he was in hospital and had been more concerned about what had happened to the camera

when he had fallen from the girder than about the bone sticking through the skin. And when Mike Townsley finally had found the battered camera in the runoff, he had made more fuss over the negative of the nine rivets and the holes for six more rivets than over the beautiful blue pastel flowers the Bridge Club had sent.

He was a sow's ear.

Then she recalled the time he had put his arm around the little brazen brunette who had pretended to be frightened in the cable car at the ravine.

He blurted out indecently after, "But holy-old-hell! A man needs to touch a woman once in a while and feel something human under his hand instead of bits of wire and elastic tent canvas!"

After that there was no going back. It was all over. Most of all she hated that expression—holy-old-hell—it was so silly and so juvenile and so meaningless and so low.

They hadn't quarreled about the division of the treasure of earth that they had piled up in eight years. There was evidence of moth and rust in it anyway. She could have the house and its contents and the car, and the estate agent could get her a good price.

She hadn't mentioned Susan. A great fear had made her shudder and she kept assuring herself that always, or nearly always, the court gave the child to the mother.

Then he had added, "And you can have the kid too, I hope."

AND thus it was that Susan and the mother were in the sleek transcontinental, well on its way across Canada. The old warped and corrupted life had definitely ended.

She knew she had lost a rich eight years but she knew it with a resolution *Continued on page 39*

The agents of faith can take strange forms. A rag doll dropped from a speeding train, perhaps, or a tired section hand seeing old visions in the snow



Backstage With Barbara Ann

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

IN THE half-light of a Manhattan dawn last December a slender girl, her blond hair in pigtail, walked across Lexington Avenue from a small residential hotel to a small all-night restaurant for breakfast. It was too early for the hotel coffee shop to be open.

She was carrying a skating costume in a rowhide overnight bag and a pair of skates in red leather bags, and with her was a straight-backed, middle-aged woman in a grey English flannel suit, a tartan bonnet and a long tartan scarf.

Their footsteps echoed on the empty street, for even the raucous traffic and shrill taxi chorus of New York awaited the cockcrow.

Barbara Ann Scott and Mrs. Clyde Rutherford Scott were preparing for the professional debut of the world's premier woman skater. The reason for the early rising was the fact that throughout the preceding weeks another show was on the theatre's small ice stage and if Barbara Ann wanted to get any practicing done on the strange ice surface she had to do it before the show troops for the day turned up.

Barbara Ann Scott, Canada's bright young joy and the World, Olympic and North American skating champion, recently made her professional debut at New York's Roxy Theatre, the second largest theatre in the world.

On the same program was the film, "That Wonderful Urge," starring Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney, and the usual cartoons and newswreels. Also featured with Barbara Ann were the Roxy Skating Bells; Ming and Ling, two Chinese in a Scottish act; and Gautier's Steeplechase, which presented dogs riding ponies with the climax of a monkey riding a dog who was riding a pony. Preceding Barbara Ann's eight-minute "Babes in Toyland" number were the Roxyettes, an ensemble of gals with belts of bells of varying pitch tied about their middles, which they wiggled to a seasonal tune.

A tightrope artist followed. Then came Bob Evans and his dummy, doing a ventriloquist act reminiscent of Charlie McCarthy; Gae Foster Roxyettes and Escorts; Bruce and Van skating a simple routine; and girls in glamorized old-fashioned costumes spotlighted in the audience while a tenor sang a tremulous song.

Even our famous B.A. has to go through the tough grind of a star's buildup. Olympic medals cut no ice on Broadway

Barbara Ann in the wings. Soon she'll be skating the thin ice of Broadway success.

Barbara Ann had the finale—"Ave Maria" (Schubert) to music by H. Leopold Spitalny's choral ensemble.

It was quite a change from the wind-swept Olympic ice fields.

The event made no more ripple on Manhattan's sensation-scarred surface than a fly crossing Fifth Avenue on a summer's day. There wasn't a mention about it in any of the New York papers the next day.

In Canada, papers from Halifax to Vancouver were getting, and using, a couple of Canadian Press stories a day on the debut. The Toronto Globe and Mail and the Montreal Standard sent reporters and photographers to cover the event. Medicine Hat Daily News gave Barbara Ann a whole page as its Christmas-issue feature. And Canadian sports writers chose her, for the third year running, as Canada's outstanding female athlete.

By Dec. 30, a week after her opening, Variety, the show-business weekly newspaper, recognized her appearance. It reported that Barbara Ann "gets little chance to show off her more accomplished trick-skating routines due to the confinements of the ice area." But added, "The show is brightly costumed and built in a way that makes her an easy candidate for Hollywood."

Barbara Ann, at 20, a blond, blue-eyed, kind-hearted, well-mannered, healthy young thing, had not wanted this career. Her widowed mother, Mrs. Clyde Rutherford Scott, didn't particularly care either way. But there were many advisers and loquacious friends.

They pointed out the obvious fact that Barbara Ann, who had spent her life on perfecting the art of her silver blades, had at this tender age got as far as she could go. As an amateur. There were no more championships for her to win. She'd won them all. She preferred competition to professional skating, always had, but there was no one to compete against any longer.

The advice went something like this. Think of the work, the time, the patience of yourself, your mother, your trainers, that have gone into your life of skating, Barbara Ann. Remember the parties you've missed because you went to bed early. The normal fun at school you haven't had. Why, the advisers said, suppose you had educated your son to be a doctor and he just threw it up when he graduated, how would you feel? Awful waste, there, wouldn't you think?

Perhaps, too, Barbara Ann remembered herself at the age of nine when she gave up going to school to have more time for skating. She'd get up at six and practice all day at the Ottawa Minto Club.

Most people would be settling down to their dinners before the small girl would trudge homeward.

There was a time, when she was getting advice about her future, that Barbara Ann used to say, "But you know I'd just like to get married, and learn to cook, and have children." Or, again, "Why couldn't I teach skating to other people, or to children?" It was then pointed out to her that certain obligations always lay heavy on shoulders of those who have risen above their fellows by some gift or ability.

People said, too, "You can make a lot of money." "I haven't noticed that money makes you particularly happy," she answered.

"But," they said, "the things you could do with it."

That statement was the catapult that landed Barbara Ann Scott on the Roxy stage on a blustery December night, her face more heavily grease-painted than it had ever been before, on her shoulders a marabou cape and, instead of the little skull cap she'd always worn, a marabou-trimmed bonnet on her head.

Movies, Television

THE first pay cheque from the Roxy for an eight-week engagement, according to Roxy manager Sam Rauch, was about \$80,000. This money Barbara Ann did not get. For she'd taken to heart the words about "things you can do with money" and founded the St. Lawrence Foundation to help crippled and underprivileged children. She chose the name in memory of her own happy childhood summers near Brockville, on Canada's great river.

The foundation is her employer. All her earnings go to it direct. Its officials pay her expenses and a salary. The directors of the foundation are J. S. D. Tory, Toronto lawyer, H. H. Caldwell of Prescott, Charles F. Lindsey of Ottawa, and Robert V. Hicks, Toronto.

In the entertainment world the foundation and Miss Scott are represented by Musical Corporation of America which takes 10% of all earnings for its services. It is at the moment considering movie offers from a number of major studios including 20th-Century Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; it arranged for the Columbia short "Rhapsody on Ice," which was running at the Astor Theatre concurrently with Barbara Ann's Roxy appearance; and has signed her up for some television shows. Some of the officials seem inclined to favor personal-appearance offers in preference to movies.

Barbara Ann's first yearly salary, her taxes and

expenses, cannot be tabulated until her first working-year engagements are more definitely decided.

When the first professional offers were made her (one of them from Hollywood for \$7,500 weekly to Barbara Ann and \$3,000 weekly to Mrs. Scott), the Toronto Globe and Mail reported Mrs. Scott saying, "Barbara Ann is not considering any contracts. She considers herself a good Canadian but sees no reason why she should work terribly hard and then have to turn most of her earnings over to the Government." Under the present arrangement it is possible most of her earnings can go, tax-free, to the St. Lawrence Foundation.

When Barbara Ann turned professional she lost the arid world of ice fields, spontaneous adulation, spirited competition. In its stead she stands a chance to make a lot of money. She is a member in these affiliated unions of the Association of Actors and Artists of America, the American Guild of Variety Artists (to cover such appearances as the Roxy one), the American Federation of Radio Artists (which will take care of her television and radio performances), and the Screen Actors' Guild (she is considering offers from film studios at the moment).

She also got herself a retinue of employees, headed by a Canadian law firm. Her agent is Morris M. Schrier, of M.C.A., who, being an important man in the

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Said a Gotham cynic: "The widest-eyed blue-eyed gal I've ever met. And I fear she's real."



Five times a day Barbara Ann stepped from a sleigh to spin on an ice cube of a rink. A world title was easier.

"You're not an amateur now," says Ernie Adler as he slaps on the make-up. In the big-time, stars must have "oomph."



LONDON LETTER



Sidney Stanley's influential friends squirmed.

Bribery and Reputations

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

FIVE days of fog . . . no sun, no moon, and no sign of lifting. It is uncanny to hear the heartbeat of London slow down until it seems as if it might stop altogether. At night there are strange cries at the cross-roads as if from slaves being smuggled down the river. The engines of the cars and omnibuses growl but the sound does not pass on. Mankind which can split the atom and hurl a rocket 2,000 miles against its target is unable to dispel a fog or prevent the common cold.

At Southampton the Queen Mary, the Queen Elizabeth and the Aquitania, the three largest ocean liners in the world, are unable to leave harbor. Trains crawl across the country and arrive hours late.

In the West End actors play to half-filled theatres, while all day long the box-office telephones ring with cancellations.

Last night I left the House of Commons with the amiable intention of picking up my car in Palace Yard and driving home. It was difficult enough to find the car; it would have been almost impossible to get it out the gates and past the Abbey. With the adaptability of the British, attendants were putting in emergency beds in committee rooms for M.P.'s who could not get home. However, I decided to use the Underground and get as near my home as possible and then grope the rest of the way.

Yesterday I probed through the fog to listen to the evidence at the tribunal enquiry into the alleged bribery and corruption of public servants.

How dramatic can be the association of events! Church House, where the tribunal is sitting, is just beyond Westminster Abbey in the ancient quadrangle of Dean's Yard. Here is a modern building given over to the managerial activities of the Church of England with a large conference chamber. When I entered the chamber there were three judges at their table on the platform, a witness being grappled by an array of

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Seaway from Dixie

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK



PPRIVATE forecasts from Washington are that this time the St. Lawrence Seaway Agreement will go through Congress.

That's what our Washington Embassy said last year and they were wrong, so Ottawa is still keeping its fingers crossed. However, the 1949 forecast comes from American sources and the reasoning behind it is plausible.

Up to now, the Truman Administration's support of the Seaway has not been vigorous. The Democrats favored it, but they didn't really go to work lining up congressional support for it. Anyway, this time last year the Truman Administration's support for anything was worth very little in Congress.

This year both those conditions have changed. The Administration, according to reliable American sources, intends to put full pressure on the Democratic majority to push the Seaway Agreement through. And the Administration in 1949 is in a stronger position, vis-a-vis Congress, than at any time since the Roosevelt honeymoon in 1933.

Much of the former vote against the Seaway came from Southern Congressmen and Senators who didn't feel very strongly for or against, but who were inclined to "go along" with the people from New Orleans and other Gulf ports who thought it might be dangerous. These "no" votes from the Deep South came from the very men who were traitors to Harry Truman, before or after the Democratic Convention, and who had good reason to fear that their patronage would be cut off by the re-elected Administration.

President Truman has been notably forgiving toward these repentant renegades. They have been

allowed to retain their patronage, and even some of their rights of seniority. They are now in a mood of grateful contrition and inclined to do anything

within reason that the Truman Administration wants.

To these considerations of low-level politics are added, of course, many a more statesmanlike reason. The Labrador iron-ore development gives a new urgency to deep-water transport to the Great Lakes. The threat of war, and of blockade around Atlantic ports, makes internal communications doubly important. The power shortage in both countries creates a desperate need for hydro-electric plant expansion.

For all of which reasons 1949 may be the Seaway's year.

* * *

IF THE SEAWAY does go through, Ottawa of course will stand up and cheer. By a sad paradox, however, the imminence of actual work on the deep-water canal has revived an old unsolved problem—the question of tolls on the new canal system.

The United States has always favored tolls on the international section of the route. Canadian canals, on the other hand, have always been toll-free, and so have American canals on the Great Lakes. When the present Seaway Agreement was negotiated in 1941, Canada was persuaded to agree "in principle" that tolls should be levied, in the erroneous belief that this would wipe out Congressional hostility to the whole scheme.

Now that the job seems about to begin, Canada's agreement to the

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Cartoon by Grossnick

The reformed strays are expected to do what the boss says.

Bert Thorne will make you chuckle, sell you blotters or ledgers and demolish your notions of rakish drummers

BERTRAM W. THORNE belongs to Canada's army of 40,000 commercial travelers. He is not one of those salesmen who take a suite in the best hotel and during a week of whisky-sipping or dalliance with blondes sell \$20,000 worth of mink coats. Nor is he one of those tattered knights of the grip who gallantly charge every front door down the street brandishing some patent kitchen utensil and meeting the fate of Don Quixote.

He is the itinerant ambassador of an established and respected stationery firm, and he sells its wares not by gaudy promotion or the old medicine show double-talk but as essential commodities offered at a competitive price. He wouldn't dream of high-pressureing his customers; he regards himself as their personal friend.

Three decades of breaking new ground, tackling strange buyers and winning their confidence and holding it have given Thorne a bold, brisk front. Although he stands only five feet three inches high nobody ever overlooks him. He makes his presence felt wherever he goes. At the age of 55 Bert Thorne resembles a bumblebee in rimless glasses and a well-cut suit. For 28 years he has been humming round small-town stores after the honey of lucrative business.

His success has been moderate. His mild disappointment is tempered by good humor and unquenchable optimism. It would be no surprise to him, or any of his friends, if one day he got into the big chips. "Meanwhile," he says, "if I haven't made my fortune I've had a good time."

Thorne might fairly be termed an average commercial traveler.

For Warwick Brothers and Rutter Ltd., wholesale and manufacturing stationers of Toronto, he covers 25,000 miles a year, mostly by train but some by car. He books orders for writing pads, cash-books, paper napkins, gift wrappings, pencils, rulers, erasers, bridge scorers, artists' water colors, thumbtacks, rubber bands, fountain pens and a few thousand other items from small-town druggists, booksellers and general stores. The biggest order he ever booked was \$4,000 worth of Christmas cards, his smallest 25 cents worth of sealing wax.

Thorne's territory

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Bert on the road. First, a friendly chat, then business. No risqué stories, though — that's old-fashioned.

Now, This Traveling Salesman . . .

By MCKENZIE PORTER

Photos by Rice and Bell.



Six times a year Bert walks the platforms of 40 towns. He makes train rides a party.



There are 4,000 items in his sample cases. Alone with Bert, clients can't resist them.



Bert totes up his orders. Competition is returning. "I like it. It keeps me young."



NEXT YEAR FOR SURE

By ROBERT H. BLACKBURN

A FLAKE of soil tumbled out beside the row and suddenly came alive. It was a beetle, a clumsy dust-colored beetle disturbed by the hoe, which reared up and braced itself in an awkward challenge. Tildy paused, slipped her hoe blade underneath the challenger, tapped with the toe of her shoe and went on hoeing.

The jerking away of Tildy's shoulders set the pace for the scrape-chop-chop of the blade in the baked soil as she made slow side-stepping progress along the row. At the fence she stopped and straightened up carefully, pressing her fingers against the small of her back.

She counted the rows—sixteen done and twenty-four to do, without the potatoes. The peas would be blooming soon. She looked along the row and thought she did see one blossom, but looked more closely and saw that it was only the back of a leaf.

As she rested on her hoe, she could feel the heat of the sun on her arms and face as though it were heat from a cookstove. If only there could be some rain, she wished, or even just a cool breeze! Matt would be worrying about the heat. Matt never said much but he was always worrying; so many things could happen between the time the seed was put into the

ground and the time the crop was threshed and in the granary. So many things had happened, other years, and after twelve summers he was farther from owning his farm than he had been in the beginning.

It was a pity, she thought, that people couldn't just work for themselves and live on what they grow, instead of working all their lives to feed a mortgage. Though Matt hardly ever spoke about it, she knew that thought was in his mind when he stared into the lamp after supper and when he listened to Davy talk and when he walked out through the fields on a Sunday afternoon.

Tildy looked out across the east half. Matt and the hired man were out there somewhere fixing fence, but she could not see their wagon. Her eyes ran along the horizon from east to south. In the south the line between field and sky was all rippling and wavy with heat. If only there could be a shower or a breeze.

She hoed another row and another and rested again. The school kids were coming past the poplar clump. She watched them stop at the gate and presently move on again as Davy came galloping up the lane.

She was busy again when he reached the garden. He walked along the row behind her, digging his toes into the loosened soil. "This dirt sure is hot," he said. "Ma, isn't Emil Steiner older than me?"

Tildy straightened up. "Hello. Well, Emil was seven last January and yours was the ninth of March—so that makes you about—two months younger."

"Well, I can jump higher and run faster and I'm the youngest. But he says we're both the same age. See how fast I can run—" He ran through the garden, leaping and dodging, his bare feet slapping the dust. When he was done he came back and stood beside his mother. "Know what we did at school today? We killed a weasel."

"Oh? Gopher, you mean."

"No, a real weasel! He was down a gopher hole, though, but we drowned him out. Something like a gopher, only longer. And black hair on the end of his tail."

"Maybe they eat gophers. Maybe you should not—"

"No, they eat chickens. Rosy Rozan says they eat chickens and we have to kill them. The first time we drowned him out, Rosy sicked her dog on



Above the din came the sound of shattering glass.

him and he hit the dog right in the mouth. The next time Rosy hit him with a stick. One of his eyes popped out."

Tiddy said nothing for a moment. Then, "Davy, will you take some water out to the chickens? And then you better do some weeding in your school garden or you won't be getting any prize. Except maybe for the highest pigweeds. Take that little bucket over by the pump—it'll be enough for them."

MATT braced his body against an old fence post, holding the barbed wires aside while the hired man made a new posthole with the crowbar.

"Down south," the hired man said, "it got so you could hardly poke a hole in the sod. At least, not where there was any clay."

"Wouldn't want it any drier than it is right now,"

Matt said. "I need a crop this year. If this hot weather keeps up—I got to get the interest paid up this year—" He clipped a willow post into the new hole and tapped it tentatively with the maul. "If it turns out real good I might get a washing machine for the house, if—"

The hired man gripped the post and held it straight. "Down south it used to get hot like this and the wind would blow and just burn everything up. The leaves would even come off the trees and it was just like winter, except we had dust for snow."

Matt swung the post maul. "This wheat—just coming into—the shot blade—needs some rain—put heads on it—there!" He finished driving the post and held the maul against the side of it while the hired man stapled.

**Take a summer day when the crop's just in the shot blade.
A terrible thing can happen to that wheat and to a man's soul**

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

"Down south it used to get so that there wasn't any feed for the stock. When I left I had three cows and two horses too poor to walk away and there wasn't a mouthful of feed anywhere. Had to shoot them. Hard thing for a man to do."

Matt tossed the maul into the wagon and set out along the fence, testing each post with his hand as he walked. At a post which had rotted off at the ground he stopped and began pulling out old staples while the hired man drew up alongside with the grey mares and the wagon. "Watch yourself," Matt warned, "there's an anthill just under the wagon wheel."

The hired man jumped down and pulled the crowbar out of the box. "Oh, these red ones don't bite very hard. When we was kids down south we used to dig into the anthills just to watch them run around. They're funny to watch—go running around like the end of the world or something. Going in circles and falling all over themselves, all in a big hurry and not getting anywhere. And sometimes we used to light a stick and poke it into the hill and watch them—

Continued on page 37



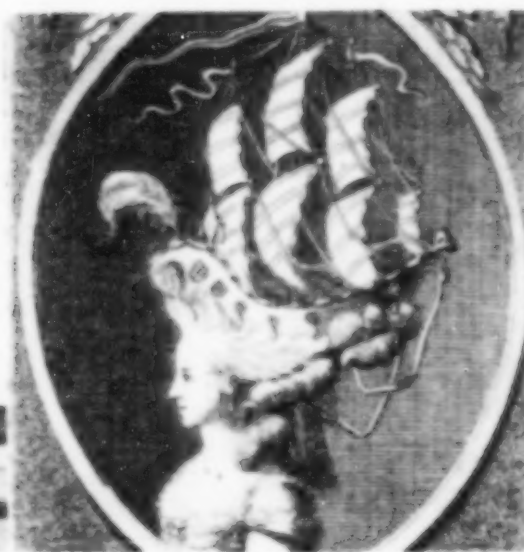
AL. S. BRUCE INSTITUTE

Hart deprecates this slim newest look. It recalls the skimpy, reckless costume of Napoleon's day.



BETTMAN ARCHIVE

Queer hats meant woe in the 15th century.



BETTMAN ARCHIVE

Ten years after this, the French revolted.

DO STYLES FORETELL WARS?

By LIDDELL HART

When bonnets burgeoned, 1914 was coming.



—4

MADAM, your fashion foretells our future. What you women choose to wear forms an advance warning of the world's political weather—if it is going to be stormy or peaceful. In recent centuries, the prevailing style of women's dress has repeatedly proved a reliable barometer for those who can read it. The line of the mode is the sign. If it tends to become "vertical," the wind is rising. If "horizontal," settled conditions are likely.

Fashion is not a trivial matter, a feminine fancy, as is commonly supposed. It deserves the close attention of statesmen and sociologists. The more deeply that history is studied, especially the course of war and revolution, the clearer becomes the importance of fashions in dress.

Women appear to be particularly sensitive to the atmosphere of the moment, and register it barometerlike in their styles. (This has only been seen of course, when and where women take an active and prominent part in social life. When confined to the harem, or similar seclusion, their style of dress has been consistent and featureless.)

The idea that the fashion turns on women's whims is as mistaken as the belief that it is decided by the big fashion houses. These can launch a style, but whether it catches on or not is a matter that lies outside their power and often outside their ken—if they had a better understanding of the causes their losses would be lighter. Equally mistaken is the charge that women's changes of fashion are evidence of their shallowness. Details and trimmings may be due to the play of fancy, but that is not true of the more basic changes. These only occur when women are moved by profound influences—and show their responsiveness to the deeper political currents.

The changes which are of real significance are changes of *outline*, or form. The key points are the waistline, the skirtline and the headdress. They bear an important meaning as signs of storm or calm.

It has repeatedly happened that in a time of acute political discord, making for a great social upheaval, the waistline tends to shift from its normal position—upward or downward. In the movement, the waist itself is loosened—like the ties by which human society is held together. Thus the line becomes vertical, flattening out curves.

The effect is accentuated by a narrowing of the skirt. This has been a very marked symptom of political "earthquakes" in the last two centuries, when a shortening of the skirt has accompanied and emphasized its straightening line. Conversely, a horizontal spreading of the skirt has been a feature of settled periods and at such times it has

Keep your eye on women; there's history in hemlines, says this expert. Weird, skimpy clothes portend trouble — grandma's styles mean peace

repeatedly been held out by hoops in a way that gave the wearer an air of broad-based stability.

A third sign has been the style of hat, or head-dress. This has become fantastically exaggerated—or else vanished altogether—when trouble is looming.

A growth of formality in dress spells settled weather, while a lapse into informality is a storm signal. In this connection some of the accessories of dress are significant, particularly gloves. But a bad-weather prospect is also shown by breaks or unevenness in the line of the dress.

Queenly Fashions

FASHION only began when Europe emerged from the Dark Ages. The love songs of the troubadours in the 12th and 13th centuries frequently praise the charm of ladies with "middles small." These were produced by the lacing in of the "surcoat," a kind of sleeveless jacket from which evolved both women's corset and men's waistcoat. It implied an outcurving skirt as well as an in-curving waist.

An interruption of this graceful yet simple line took place early in the 14th century. Referring to Mortimer's party who, returning from Flanders, dethroned Edward II and put the aggressive young Edward III in his place, Chaucer relates how these "Hainaulters" introduced "divers shapes and disguisings of clothing . . . dragged and cut on every side, slashed and loose . . . and hoods over long and large and overmuch hanging; that they were more like to tormentors and devils than common men; and the women more foolishly surpassed the men in array . . . the which peradventure afterwards brought forth and encaused many mishaps and mischiefs in the realm of England."

This distorted fashion was followed by the outbreak of the "Hundred Years War" between England and France which slashed and tore the fabric of medieval civilization. That devastating struggle was followed in the 15th century by

violent internal upheavals in both countries. Fashion signalized them by running riot in fantasy, with extravagant "horned" and "steeple" head-dresses, while the waistline shot up toward the armpits or dropped down to the hips.

More settled conditions came in the 16th century with the Tudor line of rulers, and were manifested in the line of fashion. The waist settled back into its normal place again and became increasingly defined, while the skirt widened into the shape of a bell. In what we call the Elizabethan Age, an era of great queens both in England and abroad, women's dress became majestically proportioned. It was then that the wide hooped skirt, set off by firmly molded bodice, was introduced. It would have been hard for women to behave like tomboys or "cut a caper" in such dresses, but it was easier for them to inspire respect than ever before.

It is significant that this style has come back whenever a woman has sat on the British throne. Its last long spell was during Victoria's long reign. That chain of repetition raises the speculation whether it will return again, and peaceful conditions with it, when we have another Queen Elizabeth.

The next interruption in the line of fashion came in the 17th century, preceding and accompanying the bitter civil wars in England and France. Here again the waistline started to become shorter and looser, the skirt narrower, in advance of the event. An air of negligence in dress also came into fashion before the outbreak.

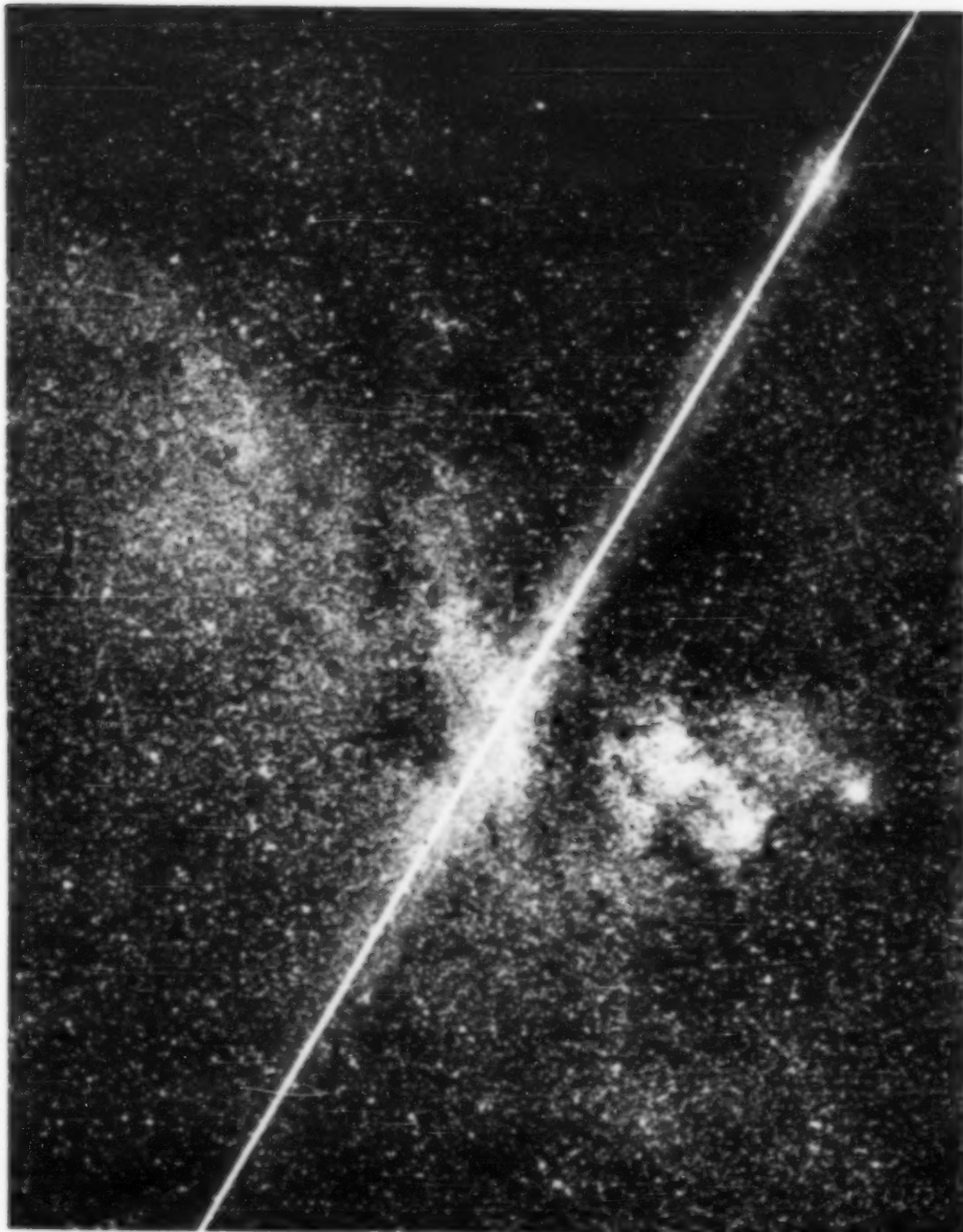
With the re-establishment of order in France under Louis XIV and later in England under the joint regime of William and Mary, the waist and skirt of fashion returned to the same shape and stiff form that had prevailed at the start of the century. The time lag between its return in France and England is symptomatic. When Charles II came back to the throne, after the English Civil War, London fashion appeared to hover in uncertainty as to which way it should turn. The women of his court dressed in a style that made them look as if they were starting to undress. That style was characteristic of

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Liddell Hart gives high marks to the New Look of 1947 (above). It has the natural waist and flowing skirt that, he says, bespeak tranquil times. This was the style of the piping Victorian era (below, left), the comfortable 18th century (centre) and England's glorious Elizabethan age.





Canada had a near miss from a meteor swarm in 1913.
(Below) Our biggest one is in Victoria College, Toronto.



WE'RE BOMBED 75 MILLION TIMES A DAY

But only a few meteors ever reach the earth. Which is just as well because a big one could flatten a city like an atom bomb

-By C. FRED BODSWORTH

ONE afternoon in February, 1947, peasants in the village of Kharkovka in northeastern Siberia stopped their woodcutting to stare apprehensively at a bright reddish glow in the grey, snow-laden sky to the southwest. Suddenly a brilliant fiery sphere materialized out of the red haze and streaked across the sky toward the village. Within a second it became brighter than the midsummer sun. With glowing fragments swirling off, it passed high overhead. A great rush of searing air followed its passing; there was a thunderous roar, children were blown off their feet and for several seconds the temperature was like July.

Kharkovka's peasants gazed terror-stricken as the ball of flame roared to the northeastward. Suddenly it flared with a blinding flash, disintegrated into numerous flaming pieces and the air shivered with a hissing explosion that broke windows and blew in doors. A pillar of black smoke mushroomed upward on the northeastward horizon and spread outward, its pall darkening Kharkovka for several hours.

The peasants thought they had witnessed an atomic rocket. They sent off word to Vladivostok but were too frightened themselves to go to the place where the missile appeared to have fallen.

A party of scientists arrived at remote Kharkovka several days later. After investigation the scientists told the villagers they had had a narrow escape from a cosmic bomb from interplanetary space—a meteorite.

Many days later the scientists discovered fragments of the meteorite 30 miles northeast of Kharkovka. The damage wrought at Kharkovka, the shattered windows and doors, was mild compared to what occurred at the point of impact 30 miles away. Trees for a mile or more around were flattened. The Russian scientists found 30 craters in the earth, each made by a fragment of the meteorite. The craters ranged from 45 to 75 feet across, some of them were 35 feet deep. Many of the fragments had ripped downward into the frozen soil to bedrock 40 or 50 feet below. The entire meteorite, they estimated, weighed at least 1,000 tons.

Continued on page 26



Claude's 550 horses are kind to your mother.



The Brewsters' cure for molehills is to bring more and more people to more and more mountains.



That's Jim with the reins. Naturally, the folks in the back seat dropped in to see the Mrs.



Bill got the secret early. "Work or get shot."

WHEN, this winter, the fanatical breed of skiers and skaters unlimbered at Banff, they found Canada's oldest national park fully recovered mentally and physically from a record season, the wild life no longer camera-shy after being trapped for 10,000 albums from Honolulu to Maine, and the 2,500 residents of the town not only resigned to a mass annual influx of automobiles from New York, Los Angeles and Florida, but anxious to make Banff almost as great a winter rendezvous as during the fabulous summer.

The winter visitors also found the Royal Family of the Rockies in better shape than ever. Some 22 of the 2,500 residents, or nearly one per cent, are named Brewster, and the Brewsters hold the town and the nearby glaciers in a firmly benevolent grip. Through their skilful offices, rubbernecks of six continents have acquired an intimate acquaintance with the thousand miles of trails in the parks, a view of the ever-white pinnacles of Mount Assiniboine, and the material for a hundred anecdotes based on such incidents as meeting a moose in the main street and being involved in a traffic tieup due to the friendliness of a brown bear on the Banff-Jasper Highway.

The moose and the bear are not Brewsters, but have got into the habit, like the Canadian Pacific Railway, of co-operating with the Royal Family. They say in Banff that there is a Brewster behind every tree stump and that you have to take out Brewster citizenship papers after two years of residence. They also say in Banff that the Park is a place for a change and a rest—the CPR takes the change and the Brewsters take the rest. The Brewsters laugh off such good-natured defamations

Royal Family of the Rockies

By ROLAND WILD

In Banff they say there's a Brewster behind every tree stump. And there's usually a covey of rubbernecks behind every Brewster

and only smile gently when the old story is told that few people stay in the mountains for more than six months without eventually working in a Brewster office or in a Brewster camp.

There are now 18 direct descendants of the first Brewster who came to the Rocky Mountains, and there are nine others married to sons, daughters and grandchildren. The pioneers of the family in the Rockies were John Brewster and his wife Isobel, both of Irish stock, from Kingston, Ont. They had six sons and one daughter, and of these, four sons and a daughter are alive today. John and Isobel chose simple names for their children—Bill, Jim, Fred, George, Pearl (who is now the wife of Colonel Philip Moore), Jack and Pat.

It is difficult to say who is the head of the family today. Bill is still alive and owns property with his son Claude, and Bill's wife Mavis, an erect and influential figure usually dressed in slacks, takes part in many Banff activities. Jim, the second son of the Old Man, died last year and left his

considerable and varied estate to his wife and his daughter Fern. Besides Claude and Fern, there are three others in the third generation of the Rocky Mountain Brewsters, and eight great-grandchildren of John and Isobel.

Probably the largest over-all property is that bequeathed by Jim to his wife and daughter. The Mount Royal Hotel, largest in the town itself, is a part of it. So is Brewster Transport, which impresses the Brewster name on tourists at every turn. Another establishment is Sunshine Lodge, a ski resort with 100 beds, some 14 miles out of Banff. The Columbia Icefields Chalet, for 100 skiers, is also an item of the empire left by Jim Brewster to his wife and daughter.

The next biggest operator is Claude Brewster, son of Bill. A mild energetic man with pale blue Brewster eyes, he owns around 550 horses for the outfitting of various construction projects in the mountains, for the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, and for small

Continued on page 32

They Used to Call Me Fatty

Fat men aren't jolly, says this ex-blimp. He didn't enjoy life till people stopped mistaking him for an elephant

By JAMES BANNERMAN

ONE afternoon last summer I stepped onto the platform of a weighing machine, merely because it happened to be in front of a store I had to pass anyway. True I was getting rather plump; but on a man like me, a strapping five-foot-nine, a little extra weight didn't really matter . . . much. However, it might be an idea to check, seeing I hadn't for over a year.

I put a penny in the slot. There was a dull clunk, a whirring noise, and out popped a small piece of cardboard. On one side of this was a picture of Betty Grable. On the other were brief statements to the effect that I had a sunny nature, was generous to a fault, and should be careful how I invested my money; that the date was Aug. 25; and that I weighed 234 pounds.

Oh, well . . . the machine was out of whack and now I'd have to go looking for one that wasn't. Several blistering blocks later I came to a drugstore which boasted a scale the clerk said had been corrected that very morning. So I got on it and the thing wobbled and its dial spun and stopped. The other machine had been out of whack, all right.

My real weight was 235!

Then and there, standing on that nightmare scale and seething with shock, I made up my mind to reduce to 165, which most authorities reckon is about ideal for a man my height. Moreover, I would accomplish this in exactly four months, thus hitting my target on Christmas Day. What gave the project a certain novelty is that I not only decided to bring myself down to that weight. I went ahead and did it.

I'd better make it clear right at the start that this isn't going to be an article on how to reduce in a hurry. If you're toying with the notion of some such program yourself, go see your doctor beforehand and don't try anything unless he gives you the green light. This is simply a story about being awfully fat, and growing gradually thinner and thinner until you're the right size, and how it feels while it's happening and how some things that go with the process are apt to be unexpected.

I hadn't lost an ounce before I came up against the first surprise—the immense difference in your point of view when, instead of knowing at the back of your conscience that you're away overweight

but never really facing up to it, you admit it to yourself without any wasseling whatever.

The minute I quit thinking of myself as plump, or stout, and accepted the plain fact that I was a slob built along the lines of the late Hermann Goering, I began to realize a couple of hitherto unsuspected truths about being fat.

Take the popular theory that fat folks are always jolly and good-humored. Now I was being honest about it, I knew I wasn't a bit jolly; and if you ask me, genuinely jovial blimps are mighty rare. Sure, I went around with my jaws wreathed in laughter and all three chins quaking as mirthfully as you please. When people made cracks about barrage balloons, the loudest yak always came from me. You'd have sworn there was nothing I liked better than taking a ribbing. You could say anything that would make a baby rabbit turn on you and bite you in the ankle, but I never got sore. But was I really such a happy, easy-going old tub of lard?

Of course not! On the contrary, I wasn't happy at all. My stomach was fat, but my brain wasn't. I was perfectly capable of resenting outfish gags at my expense. I was quite normal enough mentally to be good and sick of going through life ho-hoing like a department-store Santa Claus. I felt the urge to clam up and scowl just as often as any thin person ever did, and probably oftener.

I say that because thin people are apt to be in good health, whereas a mass of blubber such as I was when I started my melting plan seldom or never feels completely well. It was a tiresome and exhausting chore for me to climb stairs. I suffered like a hog from the heat; and unlike a hog I couldn't spend the day wallowing in nice cool mud. I couldn't walk a block before my feet began to hurt; and as far as that goes I didn't actually walk. I waddled. I wheezed. And when I finally got to sit down, panting, in a fine deep comfortable chair, it was an effort to get up again. It was an effort to do practically anything. Sometimes I was pooped before I'd finished shaving in the morning, and would have to pause with lather drying in the folds of my chins while I gave myself a pep talk and snapped myself out of it.

Nevertheless, I kept on chortling and gurgling and beaming in public, like a third-rate actor playing a character part. Which, as I now saw, was just what I was. *Continued on page 30*



When a girl gave me the eye, it was in pity.



In my fat old days, stairs were a torture . . .



...and so was sitting, when I had to get up.



I spent many an hour adding up my calories.



Silly? Maybe, but you ought to see me now.

CARTOONS BY NORRIS

Bribery and Reputations

Continued from page 14

counsel, the tragic figure of John Belcher, the undersecretary of the Board of Trade, a platoon of witnesses waiting their call, an entire company of newspapermen and a dense crowd of spectators. The corruption hunt was on!

Eight years ago on a Monday morning we gathered at the gates of Palace Yard and saw the ruins of the House of Commons which had been destroyed by bombs on the Saturday night. "Church House, Dean's Yard, gentlemen," announced the imperturbable attendants. Hitler had certainly destroyed our House but he was not to be allowed to interrupt the age-long story of the British Parliament. So off we went to Dean's Yard and eventually ended up in the Conference Room to find an extemporized Speaker's chair, the clerk's table, the benches arranged along the sides and facing each other. So there entered the Speaker, with the Sergeant-at-Arms carrying the mace which had been put away in a place of safety, and we heard the chaplain pray for God's blessing on our deliberations.

There we sat day after day with the Battle of the Air raging intermittently over our heads while Churchill's voice rang out against the enemy who seemed to have us by the throat. It was there that we saw the fury of the Battle of London subside. It was there that we heard the news that the Bismarck had been winged. Not long afterward we moved back to Westminster and took over the Debating Chamber of the House of Lords where we sit today, although our new House will be ready in another year or so.

Eight years after those events I made my way once more to Dean's Yard, not to take part in a glorious resistance against an evil enemy but to listen to a story of intrigue and debasement.

Yet as I listened to the thrust of the Attorney-General's brilliant, inquisitorial mind and watched the witness twist and turn, my mind again went back to a day in the House of Commons in 1936 when J. H. Thomas and Sir Alfred Butt were compelled to resign from the House of Commons because of a budget-leakage scandal.

Each of them made his statement to the House—Jimmie Thomas, with his misplaced attacks which had helped toward his popularity, and the rich Sir Alfred Butt declaring his innocence. Then they withdrew never to set foot again in the House where they had both made so much of their careers.

When they had gone, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin summed up the events in words which gripped us in a silence that was painful.

How to Get Trapped

First he said that the two M.P.'s had taken the only possible course in resigning. An independent tribunal of enquiry had definitely established that Mr. Thomas had imported budget secrets to Sir Alfred as well as others, although whether or not they had acted upon this knowledge was not proved.

"They have paid a terrible price," said Baldwin. "But which one of us in this House could say that if all our private papers were exposed to the merciless glare of a tribunal there would be nothing that we would wish to conceal?" There was a muttered murmur of assent. Baldwin was not going to play the Pharisee or let us play it either.

Remembering this I found myself in considerable opposition to the whole business of the present enquiry at



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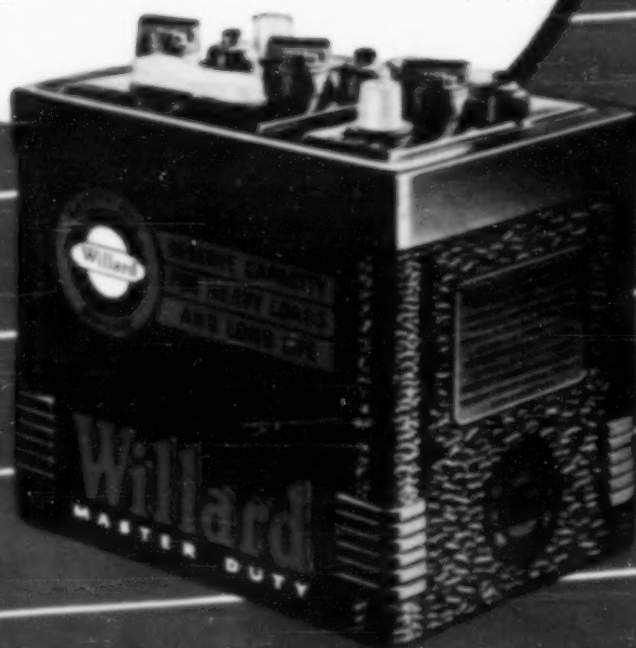
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Church House. Briefly this is its origin. For some time stories were circulating that certain enterprising citizens were boasting that, for a consideration, they could secure licenses for imports or general supplies from the Board of Trade. One man named Stanley was the most brazen of these gentlemen. In fact he went so far that eventually complaints were made and the Lord Chancellor advised the Government to set up a judicial tribunal of enquiry.

Now this sounds excellent and eminently fair. No one is charged with any crime, and what has any honest man to fear from being questioned? Unhappily this is not how it works out. Since I am fortunate enough not to be involved in any way with the present investigations, I shall try to show how quite easily and innocently I could have been drawn into it and my name blackened merely by the association.

Supposing some financier of repute writes me a letter saying that he is giving a luncheon in a private room at the Savoy Hotel where he wants to explain to me and one or two other public men some of the problems confronting exporters today. Well, one of the duties of an M.P. is to listen to complaints and learn about existing problems. So I accept the invitation.

One of the half-dozen guests is this Mr. Stanley. He is obviously the host, while the financier is the stooge. On the other hand they want to do business (which is not a crime) and they find it hard to get import licenses (which is no surprise). The wines are expensive at the lunch, and when Mr. Stanley finds that I like a cigar he shoves three of them into the breast pocket of my jacket. I don't want his cigars any more than his wine but what does it matter? If it is true that every man has his price (although I do not agree) then three cigars are not mine.

Let us assume that toward the end of the lunch we are joined by John Belcher, the undersecretary of the Board of Trade. As a member of the Opposition I might then say, having no responsibility whatever for the virtues or the sins of the Government:

"Belcher, I hear that your department is holding up these gentlemen from increasing their production."

Having rid myself of that ponderous remark I then take leave and walk along the embankment to the House of Commons, vowing for the 1,000th time that I am never going to any such lunches again.

Baxter on the Griddle

Then comes the bombshell! The tribunal is set up, with Belcher and Stanley as the two principal figures. In course of time I receive a courteous but firm request to attend and give evidence. I enter the box and Sir Harley Shawcross, the Attorney-General, picks up a file of papers and very courteously asks me if I entered Parliament in 1935, etc. Then something like this takes place.

Q: Did you receive an invitation to lunch at a private room at the Savoy?

A: Yes.

Q: No doubt from a friend of yours?

A: No.

Q: Well, then, an acquaintance?

A: No.

Q: Do you mean to inform the tribunal that a busy man like yourself gets an invitation from a complete stranger and you accept it?

A: Every member of Parliament knows . . .

Q: Never mind what every member of Parliament knows (laughter). Just one will be enough.

A: I accepted the invitation because it seemed to be routine duty.

Q: Thank you. When you got to the Savoy was there a Mr. Stanley there?

A: Yes.

Q: Had you met him previously?

A: Never.

Q: So you had never met your host or the principal guest?

A: I had never met either of them.

Q: Have you any idea why this luncheon was held in a private room?

A: No. Unless it was thought that it would be easier for us to talk.

Continued on page 26

JASPER

By Simpkins



EASY
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KIDNEY
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T



I LIKE IT SHARP!



I LIKE IT MILD!



I LIKE IT MEDIUM!

You can please everybody

WITH KRAFT'S 3 CHEDDAR FLAVORS



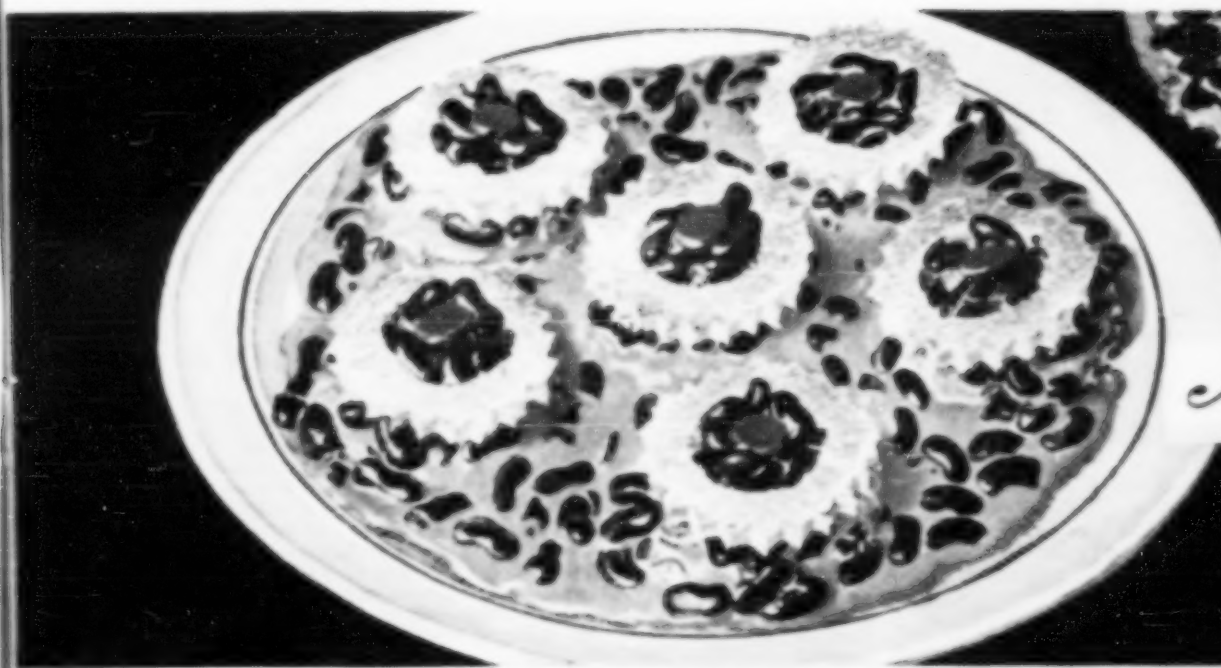
Sharp



Mild

EASY APPETIZER. The wonderful sharp, aged flavour of "Old English" style cheese makes it a favourite appetizer as well as a top-choice dessert here. Here's a fine "curtain-raiser" for a simple dinner—just slices of "Old English", crackers, celery curls and stuffed olives—to be served in the living room with the tomato juice, or at table. Use fruit with sharp "Old English" and you have a lovely dessert.

SPINACH RING. Drain 3 cups cooked spinach; chop it thoroughly; add 2 tablespoons butter, season with salt and pepper. While still hot pack into a well-greased 6 1/2" ring mold. Unmold on an oven-proof chop plate and arrange lengthwise strips of Kraft's famous cheese food Velveeta over the edge of the spinach ring. Place in moderate, 350° oven until Velveeta melts (which it always does beautifully!). Arrange broiled tomato halves around the ring.



Medium-mellow



KIDNEY BEAN RABBIT—a perfect main dish, good-eating and with plenty of protein! Slice day-old bread 1/2" thick. Cut with 2 1/2" fluted cookie cutter. With a smaller cutter remove center from half of the circles. Brush with melted butter and toast. Sauté 2 tablespoons chopped onion and 1 chopped green pepper in 2 tablespoons butter. Add 2 cups of well-drained cooked kidney

beans, 2 tablespoons catsup, 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, onion. Place in top of double boiler and add 1/2 lb. of smooth-melting Kraft Canadian Pasteurized Cheese, sliced. Cook slowly until cheese is melted. Arrange toast rounds on a chop plate. Cover each with a generous portion of Rabbit and top with a toast ring. Garnish with pimiento rounds.

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LASTING Refreshment—
It's Dry, that's Why!



Continued from page 24
Q: Or more difficult for others to listen?

A: I don't know.

Q: Well, at any rate it was held in a private room. Were wines served?

A: Yes.

Q: What wines, Mr. Baxter?

A: I can't remember.

Q: Would you say a sherry, then perhaps a Rhine wine or a claret and brandy to follow?

A: Something like that.

Q: Were there cigars?

A: Yes.

Q: Were they good?

A: Very.

Q: Did the waiter serve you the cigar?

A: No. Mr. Stanley gave them to me out of his own case.

Q: Them? Did you smoke more than one?

A: I smoked only one, but he gave me three others.

Q: You knew, or suspected by that time, that Mr. Stanley was the man behind this luncheon, the man who wanted something from the Board of Trade, the man who was anxious to have the assistance of Mr. Beverley Baxter, a Conservative M.P.?

A: Yes, I gathered that.

Q: What does a good cigar cost?

A: Anything from eight to 15 shillings.

Q: It must be an expensive habit.

A: I do not often smoke cigars at that price.

Q: Now, Mr. Baxter, I must ask you another question. Did you meet Mr. Belcher at this luncheon?

A: Yes. He arrived toward the end.

Q: Can you remember exactly what you said to him?

A: Not exactly, no.

Q: Approximately then?

A: I said that Stanley wanted some licenses from the Board of Trade.

Q: Is that all?

A: I think so.

Q: Try to remember.

A: I cannot think of anything else.

Q: Did you or did you not use these words: "I hear that your department

is holding up these gentlemen from increasing their production?"

A: I may have done so.

Q: Is it your opinion as a long-established M.P. that in thus advising Mr. Belcher, who entered Parliament in 1915, you had performed the very task for which you had been invited?

A: I don't know.

Q: Now, Mr. Baxter, I am going to ask you a question which you need or need not answer. Were you born in Toronto?

A: I have no memory of the event but there is evidence that I was.

Q: That is all, thank you.

I don't want to be unfair to Sir Hartley Shawcross who, although a political opponent, is also something of a friend, and therefore I have tried to keep his supposed interrogation within reasonable limits of satire. Actually in the tribunal itself he has endeavored to prevent himself acting too much like a prosecutor.

Yet the mud sticks. By the time the public had read and discussed my evidence there would be a general feeling that I was rather a cheap crook, taking my pay in food, wine and cigars, but ready to take money if the opportunity occurred.

Many of us feel that the whole matter should have been placed in the hands of the police who would have decided whether or not there was a case for criminal prosecution. There may be criminal prosecutions as a result of the tribunal's enquiry, but where could you now find a jury whose mind was uninfluenced by the evidence already published? As it is, several men of good character will suffer heavily for merely being mentioned.

The miracle has happened!

A blood-red sun, like an illuminated orange, has forced its way through the fog. Glory hallelujah! The fog is in sullen retreat but soon it will be a rout.

It will be good to see London once more. ★

We're Bombed 75 Million Times a Day

Continued from page 20

But Kharkovka was lucky. Its meteorite, traveling at seven miles per second, had been dawdling according to meteorite speed standards. Many of them zip along at 25 to 50 miles per second. Had the 1,000-tonner smacked the Siberian earth at this velocity, even Kharkovka 30 miles off would have been badly battered, many of its residents probably killed. The reduced speed was due to the fact that the earth, following its orbit around the sun, was traveling in the same direction as the meteorite.

Kharkovka's meteorite was a baby compared with some which have smacked the earth. In northern Arizona, between the cities of Flagstaff and Winslow, is a meteorite crater three quarters of a mile across and 600 feet deep. Geological studies reveal this meteorite fell sometime between 5,000 and 70,000 years ago. On June 30, 1908, when another great meteorite plunged to earth in north-central Siberia, 50 miles away men were knocked unconscious, 400 miles away a train was almost lifted from its track.

The limitless reaches of space beyond our world are far from empty. Out there in the frigid dark, whipping around our sun at speeds up to 50 miles per second, are baby planets as big as

mountains. If one of these really mammoth meteorites should get in a right-of-way dispute with our earth, the collision might pulverize half a continent and kill millions. But the chances of such an encounter are so small as to be virtually nil. Meteorites like Kharkovka's 1,000-tonner (before it broke up it was probably about 20 feet in diameter) are thousands of times more numerous out in space than the mountain-sized continent-busters, yet even meteorites of the Kharkovka size manage to strike the earth only once or twice each century.

In our known period of history there is no record of a human being killed by a meteorite, although many domestic animals have been killed. Yet every 50 or 100 years a giant meteorite plunges to earth with a wallop that could kill thousands if a large city happened to lie in its path.

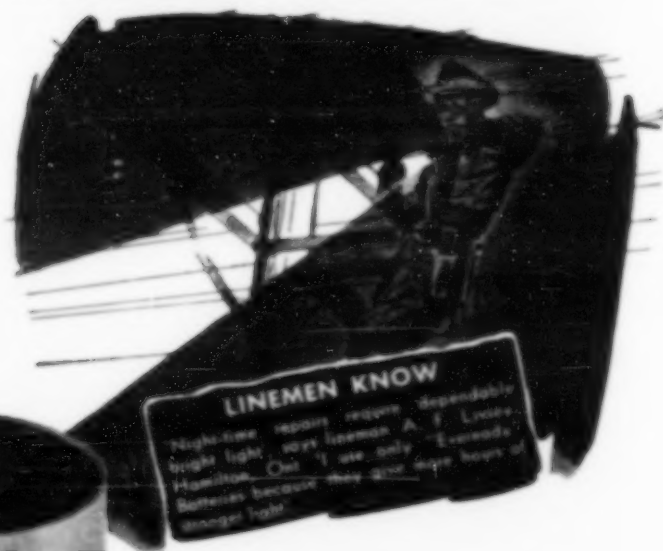
Why then is the meteorite death score zero? Since 70% of the earth's surface is covered with water, we can assume that seven out of 10 meteorites which reach the earth plunge into ocean depths and no one is the wiser. Of the remaining 30% land area, large sections are uninhabited. The hundred largest cities of the world occupy less than one twentieth of one per cent of the earth's surface.

But no one has to wait for a big meteorite to flatten his neighborhood in order to make the acquaintance of these sizzling missiles of the heavens.

Continued on page 28

WHO'S THE BEST JUDGE OF FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES?

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Your youngsters get more growth, more endurance—your grown-ups get more energy, more stamina from nourishing oatmeal than any other whole-grain cereal! That's why Quaker Oats is recommended for a better breakfast! According to a recent survey, only 1 school child in 5 gets the kind of breakfast he should have. So doctors say, the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow! Help your children be a success by serving Quaker Oats!

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Continued from page 26

Go out any clear night and watch the sky for an hour or so and you'll see one or two of them. Those streaks of light you call shooting stars are baby brothers of the great meteorites which terrorized Kharkovka and blasted out that big crater in Arizona.

The space around our solar system is as full of cosmic debris as a room is revealed to be full of dust when a ray of sunlight slants through. Made up of stone and mineral matter, most of this debris consists of particles which range from the size of a grain of sand up to that of a kernel of corn. A few are as big as footballs, still fewer reach the hundred-ton class, and here and there is a really big one that may be the size of a house with one in a billion the size of a mountain.

Then You See Stars

This cosmic dust of the universe is believed to be material left over when the planets were formed. It doesn't float around haphazardly like dust in the living room. Every particle of it sticks to its own orbit and is whirling around the sun at 25 to 50 miles per second, just like the earth and the other planets. As long as they don't collide with some other body, their spinning around the sun can go on forever, because in the vacuum of space there is no resistance to slow them down as there is for objects moving through the air of the earth's atmosphere.

Some of this dust has collected into clouds several hundred miles across and we call these clouds comets. Comets are not solid bodies like big meteorites, rather they are collections of millions of tiny meteorites. Some comets follow orbits which bring them back within sight of the earth every year or two, others go circling so far off into space that it takes them several hundred years of 50-miles-per-second travel to get back again. Since comets are merely dusty, gaseous clouds, they represent little collision danger to the earth. We have collided with them before, and the only thing that happens to us is that we see a shower of shooting stars. But the big meteorites are a different story.

When one of these particles of cosmic dust ditches into the outer reaches of the earth's atmosphere 150 miles or so above us, it is traveling 30 to 50 times faster than a bullet from a high-powered rifle. When an object weighing even a few ounces goes boring through the air at that speed, the air molecules can't move fast enough to get out of the way. They pile up in front and overflow around the sides at such a pressure that the surface of the meteorite and the air itself vaporize into a white-hot flame. The speed of the small meteorite is suddenly reduced, a glowing column of air miles long streams out behind and in less than a second the tiny meteorite burns itself up. Of course, it isn't a shooting star at all. The stars are millions of miles away and burn with their own fire.

Astronomers estimate that 75 million of these space wanderers strike our atmosphere every 24 hours. All but a small fraction of them are peanut-size or smaller and our air cushion burns them up long before they get near the earth.

But what about bigger ones? Let's consider the football size first. We're getting up to bomb proportions now for a meteorite this size would weigh 100 to 200 pounds. And 100 pounds of rock or mineral spinning along at 30 or 50 miles a second isn't going to be stopped as easily or burn up as quickly as its peanut-sized brethren. It will

zip through the outer 50-mile layer of rare atmosphere in a second or two with such momentum that its speed will be but slightly reduced.

The friction of air sweeping past it will melt its outer surface and leave a fiery trail across the sky behind, but unlike the smaller meteorites this 100-pounder will plunge on into the denser air below the 50-mile level with the biggest proportion of its bulk still intact. But here it will meet heavier air which will offer greatly increased resistance. Its speed will begin to slacken and it will begin to burn much more rapidly.

But the air we breathe is a far stronger armor than most of us imagine. Its 150-mile-thick blanket is as tough as 3/4 inch of the toughest steel armor plate. And even a 100-pound meteorite cleaving through it at a top speed of 50 miles per second will be slowed down before it reaches the earth, and probably has none of its original momentum left while still four or five miles up.

The millions of small particles which burn themselves up from air friction and fail to reach the earth are known to astronomers as meteors. The bigger ones which can survive 150 miles of air buffeting and plunge to earth before they are totally consumed are meteorites. Said one writer on astronomy recently: "A meteorite is a meteor that has arrived."

Very few are seen to fall and only about 1,400 have been recovered.

The investigators of several unexplained plane crashes and mysterious disappearances of ships at sea during calm weather have suggested that meteorites plummeting out of the sky may have caused the disasters. And the men who are studying the possibilities of interplanetary rocket-ship travel admit that meteorite bombardment is their greatest problem. A meteorite no bigger than a pea traveling through space at its 30 miles per second would pass through a rocket ship as easily as a rifle bullet pierces a sheet of newspaper.

Indians Were Impressed

Only seventeen meteorites have been found in Canada. Canada's largest meteorite weighs 386 pounds. Peary brought one back to New York from Greenland which weighs 36½ tons, the world's second largest entire meteorite. The largest, a 60-tonner, was found in southwest Africa. Canada's biggest is of an odd shape—two feet wide, 15 inches high, about eight inches thick—and it is now displayed in Victoria College, Toronto. It was found near Battle River, northern Saskatchewan, in 1869. The Indians had a legend that it was a deity that had come from their heaven and they offered it gifts of beads and knives before leaving on hunting or warring expeditions. The Indians blamed the disappearance of the buffalo from the plains on its loss to the white men.

Another large specimen, 370 pounds, was found near Madoc, Hastings County, Ont., in 1854. Canada's third largest was found in a field near Springwater, Sask., 100 miles west of Saskatoon, in the 20's. It had split into three parts and has a total weight of 149 pounds.

Of Canada's four observed falls, the most spectacular was the one that came to earth near Dresden, Ont., at 8:56 p.m., July 11, 1939. I was one of hundreds of southwestern Ontario residents who saw it. Although the sight lasted for only a second or two, I remember it as one of the most spectacular experiences of my life. From where I stood, the meteorite had a

Continued on page 30

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WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?

- A. Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.
- Q. What is that one fault she is unaware of?
- A. Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q. Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?
- A. Absolutely not. Because they cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus. Destroys the source of objectionable odours . . . kills germs on contact.
- Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?
- A. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure cleanliness alone . . . and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy after-effect.

KEEP DESIRABLE by douching regularly with "Lysol". Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol" . . . no other product is more effective! No wonder three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined.

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Continued from page 28
bright sunset sky as its background, yet it flashed so brilliantly that I thought it was a plane crashing in flames just a few miles away. When next morning I learned it was a meteorite that had fallen 80 miles away, I could hardly believe it.

It appeared first over Michigan at a height which has since been computed at 150 miles. It shot eastward and downward, bursting from air pressure at least three different times, at heights of 45, 30 and six miles. Each explosion left balls of fire and smoke hanging in the air. After its last explosion, six miles up, its forward momentum was spent and from there it dropped of its own weight. Several fragments have been picked up along its path of flight but the biggest section, 14 inches long, nine inches in diameter and weighing 88 pounds, plunged seven feet into the ground of a best field near Dresden owned by Dan Solomon.

Speculators were quickly on the scene and Dan sold his pebble from heaven for four dollars. A few days later it sold at many times this amount and was eventually presented to the University of Western Ontario in London where it is displayed today. It is now valued at several thousand dollars.

The Dresden meteorite which reached the earth at sunset was at noon that day about three times as far away as the moon. And six weeks previous it was probably further away than the sun.

Lessons From the Sky

Meteorites usually contain large amounts of iron, the earth's central core is believed to be of the same structure; but they have no commercial value. To scientific institutions, however, they are precious for they are the only actual samples we have of what lies in the vast spaces of the universe. A meteorite may be worth anywhere from a dollar a pound up to its weight in gold. There is no established rate of meteorite exchange, the value depends entirely on what scientists are willing to bid. And the scientific bids depend on whether it is a common or rare type of meteorite, whether its fall was observed and whether one or several fell at the same time.

But a study of meteorites may yield us secrets of far more practical value than the knowledge of what exists out in space. Nickel and iron are the two most common elements found in meteorites and this is one of the alloys that provides us with steel. Early metallurgists experimenting with iron-nickel alloys based some of their most valuable formulas on the proportions found in meteorites. Since some meteorites stubbornly resist rust, scientists claim that in the future they may teach us new lessons in the production of rustless alloys.

Ballistic and aeronautical engineers

are interested in the streamlined shape adopted by molten meteorites, for this shape shows what air resistance does to objects plunging at great velocity at high altitudes. Geologists are probing into the structural patterns of meteorites for new clues to the earth's origin and atomic scientists are tearing them apart seeking new information on the riddle of radioactivity and the source of cosmic rays.

But the layman is not so much interested in what meteorites might teach us as he is in what they might do to us.

For example, Canada had a close call in 1913, probably its closest since the last Ice Age 50,000 years ago.

Several meteorites, estimated to be among the biggest the world has known, sped across part of Canada, to plunge harmlessly far out in the Atlantic Ocean.

5,700 Miles in Three Minutes

This was a procession of meteorites—eight or 10 of them passing within a few seconds. When first seen over western Saskatchewan they appeared as two or three closely grouped swiftly moving stars with about the brilliance of Venus at its brightest stage. They must have been very high at this point, probably 150 miles. They streaked southeastward across the prairies, Great Lakes and southern Ontario, coming downward and burning more brightly as they hit the heavier air of lower altitudes. As the air resistance increased, the meteorites exploded several times. The explosions were heard and earth tremors felt along a path of 100 miles or more in width.

Clouds obscured the meteorites as they sped over the northeastern U. S., but they appeared again as massive balls of fire over the Atlantic Coast in the New York region. Roaring like a giant plane they shot over the ocean. They were seen from several ships at sea and residents of Bermuda saw them pass near there. Scientists quizzed ships' officers and although many saw them at a distance none could tell where they finally plunged into the Atlantic.

But scientists plotted their course across 5,700 miles, a course which was covered in approximately three minutes and 10 seconds. By fastest airliner the same trip would take well over 12 hours.

How big does a meteorite have to be to maintain a velocity of many miles per second through almost 6,000 miles of roasting air, every 150 miles of which corresponds to 52 inches of armor-plate steel? The scientists can only guess. It must have weighed thousands of tons. But there's one thing they don't have to guess about. If the meteorite had started its earthward plunge over Alaska, instead of Saskatchewan, it would have dug its own grave somewhere in the Great Lakes area instead of far at sea, and Canada would have had a scar to remember. ★

They Used to Call Me Fatty

Continued from page 22

doing. The audience, meaning thin people, expect it of a fat man; and besides, instinct taught me that the quips my appearance provoke would rapidly become unendurable if I didn't. So I played the part, but it was sheer defense mechanism and I hated it.

Another thing I hated about being fat, and that I failed to realize until the great awakening, was the load of surplus years I had to carry as well as

the excess pounds. According to the calendar, I should have been in what is loosely called the prime of life. Instead there were days when I felt like my own grandfather—the one who lived to be 83 and was pushed from room to room in a wheel chair and had his mouth wiped for him after meals.

If you've never been grossly overweight yourself, you may not believe what I'm telling you. My wife, for instance, who hasn't varied two pounds one way or the other since she was a girl, and who weighs in at a tiny 102, doesn't believe it. One time when I was trying to convince her, I suggested

that if she'd wrap herself from head to foot in a four-inch layer of greasy cotton wool and then fasten a 70-pound lead weight to the small of her back it might give her a rough idea of how I felt.

Another miserable thing about being very fat, although it isn't a big-league curse like the physical handicap, is that when you're swollen to the dimensions of a blimp you can't ever be dashing and glamorous. I am a man. My wife (and it's one of the main reasons why our marriage has worked out so well) is a woman. We've been together many a year and the honeymoon can safely be considered over. Yet she takes a notion every now and again to go dancing, or maybe have dinner in the kind of restaurant where women judge other women by the men they're with and not just by the clothes they're wearing. And when we showed up on such occasions, and I waddled and bulged along at my wife's side, she couldn't have felt any too much like a triumphant female with a prize in tow.

I know my own male vanity took an awful beating, and the only flashing glances that came my way were from the eyes of some unusually polite babe who had noticed me and was trying not to laugh. Now that my outline is normal again, it's different. I'm never going to put Gregory Peck out of business, but at least I look a little more the escort and less the clown.

Made-to-Measure Steak

Now we come to the actual reducing and with it to the big gimmick in the business of getting thin—the diet.

For the first week I skipped potatoes except at meals, cut down on breakfast toast from six or seven slices to a mere three and thought seriously of taking my coffee without cream. I also contemplated not eating the fat when I had steak and once in a while I actually did leave most of it on the plate. At the end of the week I put a penny in the weighing-machine slot and got a card which informed me I had unusual organizing ability and that I'd gained half a pound.

That was when I really went to work. I sent for a calorie chart and a list of balanced diets and spent hours doing sums on scraps of paper. I set myself a limit of 1,200 calories. I started weighing myself every third day. When the ninth day of calorie counting came, I'd lost seven pounds. I was famished, too, and dreamed about eating all right long. But I didn't care, I was making progress.

It wasn't fast enough to suit me, though. I figured I was being too lenient about the quantities of lean meat I had for dinner, so I took to borrowing my wife's tape measure and checking the night's steak to see if it was within the limits.

After another week (nine pounds, eight ounces) I entered a more advanced phase. I was sleeping better. Oddly enough, I didn't snore so much. I was beginning to feel almost energetic. And I was hungry the whole time and hungriest of all right after my measured meals; but at the same time I was beginning to be proud of my torments. Putting up with them showed, I thought, much strength of character. I mentioned this to my wife occasionally (about every half hour) and it got so that if I forgot to say it she'd mutter "Yes, dear" anyway.

By the end of the month I had lost enough weight to make me realize this thing was going to be even more worth while than I'd hoped. I was definitely energetic now and some days I felt downright vigorous. My feet hardly hurt at all and then only after I'd walked a respectable distance. I

wasn't nearly so easily winded—I could run a couple of hundred yards without puffing—and I had stopped wheezing entirely. Whether my ears were getting sharper I don't know, but it seemed to me the birds were singing louder and sweeter. Quite often I went to the open bedroom window when I got up in the morning and stood looking at the sky and taking deep breaths, something it had never occurred to me to do at my peak load of obesity.

Another change was that I took to weighing myself daily and sometimes twice daily. The collection of little cards from the machine, each with a fulsome tribute to my charm and ability, and a small arrow pointing to my weight, was growing fast. I kept them in a cigarette box in the living room and thumbed through them every night for a few minutes, gloating—until the ghastly series of cards, four in a row, with the neat purple figures that didn't change . . . 204, 204, 204, 204 . . . It was like the tolling of a cracked bell in a hot-tempered steeple, and it just about broke my heart.

Then, the day of the fourth consecutive 204, I read a piece about reducing diets in the paper. According to the eminent authority who wrote it, stretches of unchanged weight had to be expected and were a feature of all diets. These stretches, the authority said, might last as long as two weeks and overweighters who ran into them needn't worry. On top of that the message on the current card was that I was as brave as a lion and never gave up hope.

The card and the diet expert coming together like that was sort of uncanny, I thought, and a great encouragement. And sure enough, the fifth day's card said I was amazingly gentle and a true friend in need and that I weighed 203.

Which introduced another odd thing about getting thin on purpose—a preoccupation with round numbers. When I started, I got distinctly more satisfaction out of achieving the even 230 than I did from reaching 231. By 203, which ought to have been a big thing on account of marking the end of the slump, I was fairly agog over the approaching 200. It seemed to me when I made that weight I would be at the point of a profound and almost mystical change; and that when at last I reached 199, and was thus on the way to a clear-cut 190, I would suddenly be a new person.

Playing Tricks on the Scales

I remember how upset I was when a second slump set in and lasted nearly a week. Weight was becoming for me what voices are to opera singers, who, instead of just saying "my voice" like other people, refer to it as "The Voice," as if it had a separate existence or were Frankie Sinatra. I didn't talk about The Weight right out loud, but I spoke about it that way to myself.

More and more haggard by The Weight, stricter and stricter with the measurements, I drifted slowly into yet another phase. I was so anxious to hurry the reducing along that I began to cheat. Not to lie, you understand. That wouldn't have done me any good anyway, because of the incorruptible purple figures on the little cards. No, I simply cheated, by devices which I would rightly have considered childish if I'd heard of anyone else using them, but which I regarded as pretty smart when employed by me.

For instance, I found out by accident that my weight was always less late in the afternoon than it was at midday or in the morning. So when I went even two days without losing, I had a trick for cheering myself up. I would weigh

LITTLE LULU

by Margé

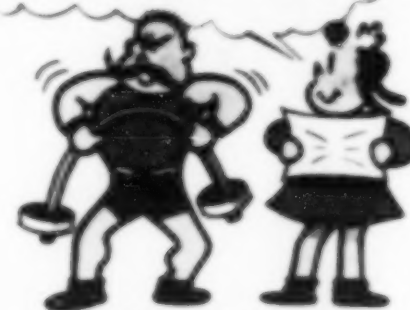
The SOFTNESS you love

When a gentle Kleenex Tissue caresses your face, it's love at first touch! A special process gives this tissue the extra softness you love . . . keeps Kleenex extra soothing to delicate skin, to tender noses during colds.



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Not just softness but sturdiness, too—you get a perfect balance with Kleenex! Plenty absorbent, yet plenty strong—to cope with a faceful of makeup or a kingsize sneeze!



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Ever thought of finding glamour in a tissue? Take a closer look at Kleenex! S-m-o-o-t-h? This tissue has downright come-lather! And "white satin" quality through and through. See for yourself why Kleenex is your best buy in tissues.



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You needn't fumble for tissues with Kleenex—the only brand that gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue box. You pull just one double tissue (not a fistful!) . . . next one pops up, ready for use.



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Oh, my aching back!



Here's fast relief...

• Muscles stiff and lame after too much exercise? For fast relief, help Nature by rubbing on Absorbine Jr. This stimulates your local circulation... enables fresh blood to bring invigorating nourishment to areas where applied. Pain eases, stiffness "loosens up"... you can relax and enjoy life! Get a bottle of time-proved Absorbine Jr. today and always keep it handy. \$1.25 at all drugstores.

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myself a couple of hours after breakfast two mornings hand running and the third day I'd wait until around six in the evening.

It always worked out at a loss of at least a pound and I knew perfectly well why, but it made me feel better. Sometimes, when I wanted a more spectacular result, I would leave off the thick woolen pullover I had started to wear come fall, and that meant a further half-pound drop. One night I went so far as to head for the weighing machine without my glasses, which have heavy rims and bows and would probably tip the scales at a massive two ounces, and groped through the smoke-smelling autumn twilight pull-overless, shivering and purblind.

The cheating phase was followed by one where I would occasionally go all the way downtown on unnecessary business, simply so the men I called on could tell me how thin I was getting. The trouble was that quite often they didn't tell me (it was amazing how some men could concentrate on earning money when there was The Weight to distract them) and this meant thinking up subtle hints.

If they didn't seem willing to come through of their own accord, I would say for instance, "Look! don't you

think this jacket is a bit too loose?" Or I would say, "Where do you suggest would be a good place for me to buy a new belt?" This one keeps slipping down around my knees. And if those hints were too subtle, I would put it to them straight—"See how thin I'm getting!"

The stage of waiting for flattery was eventually overshadowed by the stage when I hunted up friends who were on diets too, and compared notes. I had lunch one day with a colleague of this kind, a man whose wit and sense are a constant pleasure to everyone who knows him. We had six oysters and two pieces of brown bread and a mouthful of green salad and a small cup of black coffee, and we talked about weight for a solid half hour.

Thinning may be a bore to the people who aren't doing it, but there's nothing even faintly dull about the glorious feeling of being the right size again. To walk once more with a springy step, on feet that don't hurt, breathing with lungs that don't pant like Antique Shoppe bellows whenever you come to a hill or sprint for a streetcar—magnificent! To be able to shovel snow or lug ash cans and not get as scarlet in the face as a Mountie's coat, not to feel your heart flap and struggle

not to creep into the house to sit down, gasping, and wonder if the coroner will use you as a horrible warning at the inquest—fine! To feel young again, and get through a hard day without wrecking yourself for the rest of the week, and be able to go dancing without being asked by some wag why you didn't bring Sabu the Elephant Boy along—splendid!

You won't catch me overeating and going to pot any more, no matter what. I'm sold solid on this new life. Compared to the old dragged-down, fat-riddled days, I feel as I used to feel when I was young, at sea in a taut little ship on a windy morning, or the way I still feel when a brass band goes by on a sunlit street.

The torment is all over now. I'm accustomed to eating like a man instead of a horse. I weigh the 165 pounds I set myself as a target. Only one thing has carried over from the ordeal of thinning. I keep right on feeling smug about it. I haven't stopped congratulating myself, and it's beginning to look as though I never shall. A man shouldn't be too pleased with his achievements. That's bad, and I know it.

I know something worse, though. Being too fat. ★

Royal Family of the Rockies

Continued from page 21

parties of hunters. He is also known for his classic rendition of the Indian chicken dance at powwows. His mother, Missie, also casts a benevolent and competent eye over another property, Kananaskis Dude Ranch, 35 miles out of Banff, and since nothing is surprising any more in a Brewster setup, there is no astonishment when she is found acting as secretary to her son in his downtown office. As Sylvia Hagley, she came across Nebraska in a covered wagon and into Alberta with the first settlers.

The Brewsters are a close-knit dynasty, and crop up in the Banff Cafe (a Brewster business), in the Ford agency and garage (part of Bill's contribution to the well-being of tourists and the Brewsters), and in cookhouses and horse corrals all over the mountains. Most of them are shrewd, hard-working and hard-playing. As one of them says: "We are very fond of each other and we fight like wild cats." They are also very fond of the tourists, for they all have a philosophy inherited from old John, which was along these lines: "Most people lead dull lives. They are hemmed in by alarm clocks and timetables and their molehills become mountains. The first time they see a real mountain, they put the molehill in its proper place. Time doesn't matter up here any more and people become a little off-centre anyway, and enjoy themselves far better for being slightly bushed. Half the troubles of the world would be solved if more and more people would spend more time in the mountains."

In all the three generations now living, not one Brewster has left the mountains. George Brewster did go east to take an engineering course at Queen's, but he is back on the trails today. Few of the family have paid too much attention to orthodox schooling, but they have all passed through at least the early grades of hunting, shooting, skiing, wrangling tourists and handling horses. There are times when they have difficulty in persuading a Brewster to settle down to the administrative work in the little honeycomb of

offices in town. "But we work hard," they say. "The Old Man used to tell us: 'Work or get shot.'"

The prestige of the family has been responsible for much of the progress of Banff and the Rockies as a tourist centre. It was a Brewster—Jim—who persuaded the CPR to press for government camps in Banff to take care of the less well-heeled visitors.

As a showpiece of the CPR, Banff is the most pompous town in Canada. The unfortunate motorist, over what is blithely called "Trans-Canada Highway Number One," bumps over 600 miles of potholes from Vancouver and then suddenly finds himself on smooth and safe highway for the last hundred miles into Banff. The other side, a visitor from the East suffers excruciating pains springing across the Prairies until he approaches Calgary, and 86 miles of perfect highway to the shop-window of the railroad system. In the home town of the Brewsters, the CPR maintains the most expensively manicured golf course in the world and the most spectacular hotel in Canada. But whatever the CPR does about Banff, the tourist is unable to get out of town without contributing a dollar or so to a Brewster.

The Cowboy and the Fox Hunt

When the railroad came through the mountains, dragging behind it the tough mixture of Irish, Scottish and English, it brought John Brewster with his contracting business and his mules and his two sons, Bill and Jim. He looked at Banff and its 300 settlers and said, "This is the place." He got into the tourist business by accident. The CPR built the first hotel and John provided the milk, driving his children to work for him with a severity that they still recall. Today, the mules forgotten, the Brewsters quote Irvin Cobb, who heard the story of the family and said: "It just shows how low a man can sink—from mules to tourists."

Undoubtedly the most colorful Brewster to date was Jim, the second son, a stolid, blue-eyed friend of all the world with a sense of humor that got him out of all his troubles—and there were sometimes plenty of them. It was Jim who was the hero of the fabled story of the westerner in the

English hunting field, an epic that Will Rogers borrowed and made into a notable movie. The way Jim told it to me a year before he died, it had improved almost beyond recognition, but the bare bones of fact were still there. It seemed that Jim was in London and remembered an invitation from an earl who had enjoyed his hospitality for some time in the mountains.

"At the time I was just getting over a tender," Jim said, "and I telephoned the earl's castle to say I was coming down on the afternoon train. When the trainman knew where I was bound, he locked me in a first-class compartment and visited me every stop to see I was all right."

The arrival at the castle must have been stupendous. "There were rows of flunkies," Jim said, "and when I got up to my room, a valet asked if he should lay out my clothes. I only had a spare shirt and a pair of socks, so I told him to go ahead. Next day, darned if they didn't give me a red coat and a top hat to wear, and there I was in the English hunting field."

Jim soon got the idea of the hunt, and learned that it wasn't actually a race with a fox, and that there was etiquette in the hunting field.

"Halfway through the day," Jim said, "a groom came up with another horse and I wondered why, as we'd only done a few miles and my first horse was going fine—nothing like a horse in the mountains, and not worked so hard. Then I found the reason—there were two saddlebags with a crock in each. It was sure a fine day's hunting."

Actually Jim was not the social clown he made himself out to be. He made many trips to New York, with the CPR paying expenses, to book up parties for the Rockies. But he liked to tell a good story.

When the King and Queen came to Banff in 1938, it seemed natural that Jim would be their host and guide in the town, for Jim was called "The Mayor of Banff" and there was nobody better qualified to show the visitors round 415 principality. So Jim sat with the reins in his hand, silent as usual, and left it to Their Majesties to start the conversation.

"That's a nice house," said the Queen suddenly as they drove by the

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60 YEARS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

1889  1949

The pioneer woman made her own soap. Water seeping through wood cokes in a barrel or piece of hollow log, produced lye. Soap was made by boiling this lye with fat in an iron kettle. In the soap plants of today, soap is made by boiling vegetable oils with caustic soda (lye). Salt is added to cause

the excess alkali and by-products to settle to the bottom. Lye and salt corrode most metal vessels. Corrosion affects the color, purity and keeping qualities of soap. So most vessels and containers are made of Nickel alloys. They resist corrosion, last longer, protect the purity and color of the soap.



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These dollars help pay the wages of the 14,000 Nickel employees, and help provide the dollars which make it possible to pay millions in freight to Canadian railways, to buy timber, steel, coal, machinery and supplies amounting to many millions each year. These millions, flowing into all industries through the length and breadth of Canada, help create jobs for Canadians.

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Are you in the know?



Which gal would you ask to complete a foursome?

- ☐ A Suave Sally
- ☐ A nymph number
- ☐ A character from the carnival

Your steady freddy asks you to produce a date for his pal? Here's advice! Choosing a gal less winsome than you, can doom the party. It flusters your guy; disappoints his friend. Best you invite Suave Sally. You can stay confident—regardless of the day of the month—with Kotex to keep you com-

fortable, to give you softness that holds its shape. You risk no treachery with Kotex! It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it. And think of the comfort you get with your new, all-elastic, Kotex Sanitary Belt. So smooth... so snug-fitting. Doesn't bind when you bend!



How much should she have tipped him?

- ☐ 10%
- ☐ 15%
- ☐ 20 to 25%

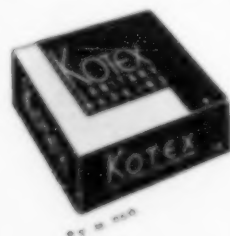
Don't wait 'til a waiter wears that "why don't you do right" look. Hone up on tipping! 'Taint what it used to be, so leave a little extra on that silver tray. A 15% tip these days pays off; in good service. And for certain times there's a special service Kotex gives... in preventing telltale outlines. Those flat pressed ends just don't turn traitor... they don't show. (As if you didn't know!) It pays to try all 3 absorbencies of Kotex: Regular, Junior and Super.



If she tries on your hat, should you—

- ☐ Lend it
- ☐ Rent it
- ☐ Feel flattered

You break away from babushkas... now your cellmates with a whammy chapeau. But, it needsn't go to their heads. Why court dabbled dandruff? Like borrowing combs or lipstick, trying each other's hats is scowled on in cactus (sharp, that is) circles. Discourage same, for your own protection. On "those" days, too, let caution guide you. Straight to the counter that sells Kotex. For it's Kotex that has an exclusive safety casing... extra protection against accidents.



More women choose
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"Very Personality Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Given day's and don'ts for difficult days. Send your name and address to Canadian Collocation Products Co. Ltd., Dept. 1401, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Continued from page 32

Bow River. Jim said nothing, but wheeled the horses into the drive of a big-timbered house facing a lawn and a fountain and the river. A woman in a pinafire came to the screen door and a Chinese cook came in to glance at the visitors. Casually, Jim introduced his wife. It was the only visit to a private house during the whole royal tour.

When Jim died, he left his estate to his wife and to Fern, his only daughter, now known as one of the best shots in the Rockies. She lives in her father's house and commutes between New York, Banff, and Sunshine Lodge, which she runs, chiefly for the winter trade.

Hundred-year-old Initials

She has the Brewster imagination and energy, and treasures in her house the precious relics that her father collected. The most interesting is a piece of tree bark, about three feet by two, which records one of the earliest pieces of western history. Jim found it after reading one day an account of the journeys of Sir George Simpson which recorded that he and his guide had inscribed their initials and the date on a tree near a Hunf mountain formation. Jim and Fern went up to look. There, on a fallen tree, were the initials, preserved by running sap. "G S" it reads. And below come the initials of the guide, John Roland, and the date, 1841. When Ottawa museum sought to remove the bark from Jim's keeping, his reply was terse. "I got it," he said, "and I don't intend to use it for firewood."

Claude Brewster will take four people into the mountains for hunting for \$60 a day, which means the hire of nine horses and three men. It works out that every man, dude or cowboy, needs two and one half horses, and there are food and tepens and all equipment to be packed up too. There are some hunting parties that cost \$500 a day.

The character of all mountain trips has been preserved more or less intact from the days of the early pioneers. The Brewsters are faithful to the Indian tepee which permits a fire to be lit, and which, in expert hands, draws the

smoke out. The customers at times find that this is only true in theory, but Claude gives them five days' experience, good food in the open air, and the thrill of knowing that the only way in and out of his camps is by pack pony. Last summer, when one safari headed up to the snow line of Mount Assiniboine, Claude found a foot-sure and steady horse for a lady of 65 and another for a child of seven.

Although the Brewsters have changed the frontier-town atmosphere of the town, they manage to keep some of it in their own homes. Jack Brewster, for instance, who has been called the finest hunter in North America, has built himself a brick house on the original site of his father's building, and has lined it with maple as background for his trophies. Pearl Brewster, the wife of Colonel Moore, lives in a timber and stone house hung with Indian trappings and animal heads. Only Bill Brewster has let modernity creep up on him; he lives in an apartment over a small block owned by the company.

Perhaps the most typical view of a Brewster—any Brewster—is obtained when a hunting party, a Trail Ride, or a hikers' organization stops by the side of a stream in answer to a young Brewster calling "Come and get it!"

Then the virtues of the Brewster training are seen, for when the meal is over, the traditional democracy of the mountains comes into play and everybody washes up. Missie Brewster, Bill's wife and the senior of the clan, piles into the dirty dishes. Claude Brewster takes a dishcloth and dries. And the guests at Sunshine for Christmas never knew it, but the potatoes they had for lunch had been peeled by a Baroness Rothschild.

So the Brewsters, craftsmen with rough tools like pack ponies, diamond hitches and primitive tepens, continue to display their wares—the deep shadows and the light greens of the Rockies, the tall straight firs and the pale blue lakes. The Brewsters are not afraid that too much tourist traffic will spoil their mountains. "There's plenty of Canada at the back of us for the next 60 years," they say. "When civilization moves on, we'll move out farther still." ★

Do Styles Foretell Wars?

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them, since their morals were as loose as their dress. But it spelt more than that. For in less than a generation the so-called English revolution followed. Once James II was turned off the throne the country soon settled down under William and Mary. So did fashion. In the succeeding reign of Queen Anne the Elizabethan shape of dress, gently modified, was confirmed in a new long lease of life that lasted until nearly the close of the 18th century. This was a period of relative tranquillity, succeeding the bitter civil and religious struggles of the 17th century. Although there were wars, these were conducted in a gentlemanly way compared with the brutal violence of the past. Thus, the prevailing fashions symbolically expressed the orderly and well-mannered spirit of the times.

All this was ended by the French Revolution and the world-wide war it produced in the last decade of the century. Its coming can be followed in the fashion barometer. Toward 1780 the gathering clouds were foreshadowed by the top-heavy appearance of women's heads. Their hair began to "stand on end" as if frightened by a spectre—actually, it was drawn up-

ward to help in forming elaborately decorated headdresses that were often a yard high. When these subsided they were replaced by hats of similarly swollen size, though more in breadth than in height, while a growing informality of dress was a further sign of unrest. The women of the "intelligentsia" and of the "smart set" alike took the hoops out of their skirts and the bones out of their bodices. The waistline began to rise, and as it became higher it naturally became looser. Dress began to take a vertical line.

There was a craze for "back-to-nature" styles that were supposed to express a desire for primitive simplicity. Seen in the paintings of the time, the new style has a negligee charm, though the out-of-normal level of the waistline and the more juvenile look of the dresses have an air of suggesting that restlessness was developing into recklessness.

A few years later the revolution broke out. At once all these symptoms multiplied. The new sense of freedom swamped all sense of order. Everything ran to extremes, abandoning restraint. It is not easy for civilized people to revert to the primitive without becoming barbarous.

In the sphere of politics the violence that marked the internal changes developed into a wave of external aggression which spread war every-



Out of the Misty Hebrides Into the World of Fashion

The entire variety of textile colorings at Harris Tweed is made a product of circumstances in the great rugged Scottish West from which the shibboleth of the Great Hebrides were the cloth. It had come in the generally traditional way of their ancestors.



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Peppermint is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known for its effect on throat irritation. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

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Moore's Emerald Oil soothes the itching and torture, helps promote more rapid healing. Ask for Moore's Emerald Oil at any good drug store. Money back if not satisfied.



DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

where. In the sphere of dress the waistline shot up toward the armpits; corsets were discarded; skirts became narrow and flimsy; underclothes were almost abandoned. The entire clothing of a woman of fashion weighed less than eight ounces. Many women cut their hair short.

This style soon spread from France to other countries where no political revolution occurred. Moreover, its basic outline persisted long after the new democracy of the French Revolution had given place to Napoleon's autocracy. This shows that the fashion was not merely a product of French republicanism, but a way of expressing the general feverishness and instability of the age.

In England, though, court dress preserved the tight bodice and hooped skirt of the traditional style and thus symbolized the manner in which Britain itself had stood out, a "tight little island," against the waves that swamped all the surrounding lands.

When Europe emerged from this long nightmare, woman emerged from her "nightdress" style of daywear. Within a few years after the overthrow of Napoleon, and the return of peace, fashion began to swing back from straight lines to curves, from looseness to tightness. The waistline came down to normal and the skirt billowed out. That new-old outline remained dominant throughout the rest of the 19th century, an age that was relatively peaceful and increasingly prosperous.

When Gloves Mattered

It becomes clear from this survey of the centuries that there is a "normal" outline, which is occasionally interrupted by great political and social upheavals but to which women return whenever the human temperature returns to normal. That normal outline is an accentuation of woman's natural shape—her width of hip and slenderness of waist. By contrast the abnormal outline that appears in times of unrest is one that exaggerates the size of her head and then tries to flatten her figure into a masculine shape. Curves signify contentment; the vertical line expresses discontent.

The Victorian return to the Queen Anne-Georgian form was reinforced by renewed formality, both of dress and manners. The dignity and ceremonial of Victoria's court spread down through the successive layers of the nation and the restraining code of etiquette carried it securely through many difficult passages. Much that is imagined to have been inspired by an extreme of modesty was really based on a sense of the value of formality in curbing dangerous emotions and smoothing human relations. For instance, more emphasis was placed on the glove than ever before: no self-respecting woman would have been seen outdoors without gloves, while the occasions on which it was proper to wear them indoors were numerous. Men and women who grew up in such a framework developed a discipline that enabled them to live together as a people without needing a dictator to keep them in order.

The 20th century has seen a fresh "earthquake," of even vaster scale and longer duration than any that our civilization had suffered. Once again the fashion barometer proved correct as a warning of events to come.

A few years before 1914, women's hats became like cart wheels, sometimes nearly a yard across. The line of the dress suddenly began to straighten, moving out the Edwardian curves and becoming narrower round the hem of the skirt than at the hips. The waistline began to rise in the "Directoire" style—the name that this style had

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derived from the revolutionary 1790's. The war that followed was waged with an abandonment and blind passion, regardless of what might ensue, such as had not been seen in Europe since the French Revolution. It broke down the restraints on violence that had been gradually built up in the 18th century and rebuilt in the 19th century. In the aftermath of that war there was no such realization of the importance of restoring order and trust as had inspired the settlement after Waterloo. "Self-determination" was the new catchword. It was carried far beyond the political sphere. There was a general breakdown of manners and of moral standards. Fashions became more abnormal than those of the French Revolution.

The Flapper Era

Once again women cut down their clothes to a minimum, threw off their corsets and cropped their hair. But this time they also cut short their skirts. Moreover, in seeking to achieve a completely straight line, they not only let go their waists, but tried to flatten their busts and their hips. The chief difference from the French Revolution was that, instead of rising to the armpits, the waistline slid down below the hips. The effect looked the more ludicrous since the skirt simultaneously rose to the knee. Women's dream was to look like boys.

To anyone who studied the fashion barometer, it was a safe bet that more trouble was in store for the world. During the chaotic 1920's the seeds of another and worse war were fertilized. Sloppiness opened the way for brutishness and nudism was followed by Nazism. A belated swing back to normality, embodied in "peaceful" styles, developed in the 1930's, but came too late to curb the elemental forces that had been unleashed.

Skirts, after lengthening, began to shorten again. Bare legs, bare heads, bare hands became an increasingly common habit. These were all storm signals. The iron hand of the dictator had superseded the gloved hand of the mother in control of the rising generation. Gloves had been the badge of woman's civilizing influence in gentler times and her abdication was made evident when she abandoned them.

Where do we go from here? Is the prospect for 1949 any better than that of 1919, 1929, or 1939—and what does the fashion barometer show?

When the war ended some of the greatest experts on fashion predicted that the postwar fashions would be similar to those that followed World War I—extremely "juvenile," with scanty skirts and without any defined waist. I ventured to dispute that conclusion, feeling that a different tide had now set in. It seemed to me that among most people, especially women, the dominant desire was for a return of stability, rather than for radical changes; that the world was tired of juvenility; that men craved for femininity in women; and the younger generation of women wanted to be feminine, rather than feminist.

The New Look that I had anticipated became visible in the year after the war—the skirt widening and lengthening while the jacket and coat curved in at the waist. By the summer of 1947 it had definitely flowered into very full skirts, reaching almost down to the ankle, blossoming out from the slender stem of a narrowing waist. The majority of women in the West welcomed this new look with an eagerness that showed their deep desire for a new stability and tranquility.

To my amused surprise I found myself being hailed as the "father of

the New Look." A father produces a child, not merely forecasts its coming, and I felt that Christian Dior had more claim to be thus described! However, last spring I was asked to preside at a big gathering in London to discuss the New Look, attended by most of the leading dress designers on the one hand and by stage and film stars on the other.

If the audience expected it to be an occasion for mutual congratulation, they must have been disappointed, for I ended on a note of disquiet, saying: "The New Look seems to be a Two Look. It tends to be two-faced. Skirts that curve out, with waists that curve in, have been signs of peace. But the latest models shown also include some with extremely narrow skirts and loose jackets. More ominous still, I read in the papers that the spring fashions show a studied air of carelessness—that 'nothing is ever quite neat or symmetrical' . . . Disorderly dress foreshadows disorderly times."

Within a few months an acute crisis had arisen with Russia over Berlin and the war clouds had gathered again. Fashion had evidently felt the change of atmosphere before the clouds were actually visible, for the autumn styles that were shown almost simultaneously with the crisis featured the "tube" line as a rival to the curves of the original New Look. Some of the models have a rising waistline and most of them a shorter skirt. Fashion is hovering in the balance—and so is the issue between peace and war.

A Clue to Communism?

There is, however, one important factor that may influence the issue in the fashion field in a different way to the course of international affairs. Conflicts with an external foe have not affected fashion as much as internal conflicts, except when there has been unrest in the other countries and a strong current of sympathy with the ideology of the aggressive nation.

It is thus possible that the spreading skirt and tightly girt waist of the New Look might become the banner of the West in its opposition to Russia—especially as Russia's rulers have put a veto on the adoption of such a style there. For the women of the West to give it up would be palpable evidence of fear and weakness, both in facing the danger from Russia and in resisting the growth of Communism in their own countries. The Tube Look is a fifth column in the western camp and its adoption would be a signal of surrender. So women may decide to stand firm on their renewed Victorian line instead of retreating to the insecurity of the thin line behind, on an impulse of appeasement. For a return to the vertical line would show they had the "wind up."

If they do choose to stand firm, the effect would be interesting to watch—like an open vote at a public meeting. For a skimpy skirt and a shapeless dress would clearly label the wearer as having Communist inclinations. So would such accompaniments as bare heads, bare hands, bare legs, sandals and flat or wedge-heeled shoes. It would be hard on feminists who favored such styles from a dislike of womanliness rather than a liking for Communism.

Yet, in contrast to many labels, it would be fundamentally true. For all these features were originally introduced by the "intelligentsia" of the extreme Left as a demonstration of "Red" sympathies and revolutionary desires before they were taken up by women of fashion, quite unconscious of their meaning. The same thing happened before the French Revolution. ★

Next Year for Sure

Continued from page 17

try to put it out. They don't bite very hard, though."

Matt looked around at the sky and thought for a while. "Looks like we might get a shower later on. Today will be sixteen days without rain if it doesn't."

The hired man, too, glanced up and around. "Got any hail insurance?"

"Oh, none. Five dollars an acre on the backsetting. But it wouldn't amount to much. Like more, but a man can't afford it. Just got to take a chance, I guess."

"I had some insurance down south one year. But we got grasshoppers instead of hail."

Nothing more was said until the new post was in and the wires stapled up. Then the hired man spoke again. "Down south we used to say there was one good thing about not having any crop or any stock. You don't need to have any fences."

IT WAS late afternoon when Tildy noticed the cloud. There had been other clouds, white wads floating here and there and sometimes shading the sun for a minute or two. But this particular one made shade for several minutes, and when Tildy glanced up she saw that the front edge of it was spread out like a fan all across the top of the sky. In the west it appeared to reach right down to the ground and the shadow beneath it was dark. "Looks like we're going to have a shower, Davy."

"Then my garden will get watered and maybe I'll get a prize."

When Tildy looked again the cloud was filling more of the sky and the west was darker blue. A skittish breeze had sprung up, blowing mostly toward the cloud. In the clump of poplars the leaves were shivering and the backs of them were silver against the dark sky. "It's going to be a heavy one, coming up against the wind like that. Davy, I think you better go shut the barn doors—all except the one on this end. You better shut off the windmill, too, and chain the corral gate open. I'll get the windows shut."

As she hung her hoe on the fence and started toward the house, Tildy saw the front of the cloud was stringing out and reaching for the eastern horizon. She hoped that Matt and the man would be in soon. She could not see them across the field. The gap of sky that was left between land and cloud was turning to a strange coppery glow so that everything, even Davy as he came running in from the barn, had a queer, sickly color. The breeze had dropped down entirely. "It's hail, Davy," she said. "It's hail. I can hear it."

Davy listened. It seemed as though the trees and grass and buildings were listening too, everything was so still. Then suddenly there was a beating of wings as a turkey hen half ran, half flew across the yard to the chicken house and the chickens followed her flapping and squawking.

"I think I can hear it too—what does it sound like?"

"There I see the wagon coming!" Tildy exclaimed. "Did you open the gate?"

"Yes. What does hail sound like?" From the west a low black cloud came rolling, rolling almost along the ground. The breeze sprang up again, blowing from every direction so that the vane of the windmill pointed west, then east, then spun back to west. Tildy closed the kitchen door. "Davy, you go down cellar and I'll be down in a minute." Then she went to the

east window, just as a gust of wind gripped the house and rattled the window in its frame. She could see the wagon coming across the field, spinning a cloud of dust. The grey mares were running and Matt was standing up in the wagon, whipping them on. In another minute or two they would reach the barn.

There was a loud crack on the roof. And another. Crack. And then several. Crackity crack. "Here comes the hail, Davy."

Davy shouted from the top of the cellar stairs, "Can I come up and see it?"

Tildy may have answered, but if she did her voice was lost in the crash of thunder that shook the house. When she saw Davy standing beside her she said, "Don't get too close to the window. You might get struck by the lightning."

The crack of individual hailstones on the roof was swallowed up in one steady roar. Outside the window the stones were beating the ground and bouncing better-shelter. "It looks like popcorn popping, doesn't it?" Davy shouted.

But Tildy was peering toward the barn. She saw the grey mares come running around the feedbin, with the neck yoke still between them, and squeeze through the door together. Right behind them were Matt and the hired man, running awkwardly with their arms over their heads. The men followed the horses into the barn, but a moment later Matt stepped out again and started for the house. He was holding a ewent pad over his head as a shield, but his fingers and wrists were bare to the hail.

Tildy ran to the kitchen door and opened it. "Go back! Matt, go back!" Maybe he heard her or saw her waving, or maybe the storm drove him back, but he did go back to the barn. The ground was white with hail, white as winter.

The racket of the storm eased for a moment and then resumed, increased, doubled. Above the din of it came the sound of shattering glass.

"What's that, ma?" Davy shouted. "Hey, what's that?" Tildy stood silent, gripping his shoulder. "What was it, ma? Lightning?"

"Just a window. It's all right. Just a window. Your pa can fix it. It's all—"

There was another crash of glass. Davy squirmed. "Ouch, you're hurting my arm!"

Tildy moved her hand to the window sill. "Look at the trees, Davy. Leaves stripped right off, just like the time we had caterpillars! You don't remember that?"

"Sure I do. Caterpillars. How did the leaves get off?"

The rattle and roar of the hail subsided and gave way to the gentler rush of rain. Davy cried, "My garden! Look at my garden, all spoiled! And my flowers, too, all spoiled!"

Tildy put her hand on his head. "Never mind. Never mind the flowers. Some of them will maybe grow. And your carrots should be all right. You can eat carrots. Never mind. The crop is all spoiled too, but you wouldn't want your pa to cry about that, would you?"

GRADUALLY the rain slackened and before it stopped altogether the sun was out, shining through the last few drops and making them look like plump ripe kernels of wheat. Davy went out to his garden and came running in to say that there was a rainbow, a big double rainbow. Tildy was mopping up the floor in the other room.

Matt did not go directly to the house. Tildy saw him walk to the edge of the field. Most of the hail had been melted

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by the rain and there was water lying in the field. In the water, cut down and pounded and covered with mud, was his crop of wheat. He gazed and said nothing.

Presently Tildy and Davy walked out to him and he went to meet them. "It broke some windows," Tildy told him. "All the ones on the west and nearly all on the north. And the point is chipped off the house on the west side."

"And my garden and flowers got all spoiled," said Davy, "all but the carrots."

Matt walked with them to the west

side of the house and then to the north. They stopped in front of the one pane of glass that was left there; it was a pane in the window of Davy's room. "I wonder how it got missed," Davy said.

Matt looked at the pane. He stared at it for what must have been a minute. Then he snatched up a stick and smashed the glass, striking again and again until there was nothing left of it.

"Matt! Matt!" Tildy's voice was shrill. Davy had watched his father in fear and wonderment; now he turned and saw that his mother was sobbing.

Now, This Traveling Salesman . . .

Continued from page 15

extends east from Yonge Street, Ontario, to the Quebec border, excluding Toronto. He has 125 regular customers whom he visits six times a year in centres like Oshawa, Peterborough, Perth, Pembroke, Lindsay, Belleville, Brockville, Kingston and Cornwall. Thorne calls most of his customers by their Christian names and knows many of their wives and children. At Christmas he sends out greeting cards to 200 steady, sporadic and potential customers without reference to an address file.

Since he first worked his area in 1941 he has raised his sales from \$22,000 to \$50,000 a year. He receives no salary or expense allowance. He works on a straight 10% commission.

"Competition is getting fiercer," he says. "It means that times are getting back to normal. Provided the tendency doesn't go too far, it's a healthy one. During the war no drummers were just order bookers and unofficial rationing officers. Today we are real salesmen again. That's how I like it. It keeps me young."

Most Sunday afternoons Thorne leaves his wife in their upper five-room apartment on Quebec Avenue, in west Toronto, and heads through the deserted streets for the Union Station. Whenever he goes more than 50 miles from the city he uses the railroad, reserving his 1940 Ford for "close-in" tours. Thorne is careful and always travels by day coach.

Never a Lone Wolf

Thorne's character is irresistible, irresistible. Although he wears sober suits and overcoats there is dash in the curl of his hat brim, challenge in the pattern of his tie. Long train and bus rides do not subdue him. Travel with Thorne and you never travel with Thorne alone. His roseate, baby-fresh face, wreathed in smiles, catches attention. He engages three or four other rail passengers in a bout of light banter. The stories and reminiscences begin to swing back and forth. What might have been a tedious journey passes all too soon as a hilarious party.

Thorne cannot remember an evening in the last 20 years when he has been unable to find company in a hotel. He likes to sit around yarning until 10 o'clock and then get off to bed.

He is called at seven o'clock every morning. By nine he reckons to be with his first customer.

Thorne spends an hour, and sometimes two hours, with one client. He reckons four calls a day is about average and quite enough.

In the more important towns he likes to use a sample room. These were once standard equipment of all small-town hotels. Today they are difficult to

get because many have been turned into beverage rooms. Nevertheless, the bustling affable Thorne, who is known as a good client to some 40 hotel managements in Ontario, succeeds in getting sample rooms where more irregular or less engaging travelers fail.

The two big trunks which are usually humped around for him by the railroad companies contain some 4,000 articles. Thorne knows exactly where each different type of pencil sharpener or pen point lies. It takes him one hour to remove every item from the trunks and lay them out attractively on trestle tables round the room.

He then goes out into the town and persuades his clients one at a time to come and look at what he is showing. It is often difficult to get the client to leave the store but once this has been done the battle is almost won. Alone in the sample room with Thorne, the client is not distracted by his own customers coming into the store, by the telephone or by assistants asking him questions.

Here's How He Does It

Some of Thorne's customers are so inconveniently located that visiting them requires careful timing. In one small village, 30 miles from Cornwall, Thorne can spend only 50 minutes between the bus in and the bus out.

He walks into the general store breezily. "Hello, Jack," he says, passing the assistant at the grocery counter. "Don't work too hard." He swings on the girl at the cash desk saying, "Morning, Mary. Been to any good dances lately?" Finally he bears down on the proprietor. "Joe," he says, "I saw Arthur in Lindsay last week. He's looking pretty good. Tells me he's fallen for a nurse in Peterborough."

Arthur is the store owner's son. This family touch helps Thorne into a warming-up conversation with his customer who enjoys fresh company and news of other tradesfolk. When he has only 20 minutes left Thorne turns the talk casually to business.

"Let's go and see what you need, Joe," he says, leading the way over to the stationery counter and removing his catalogue from a big zipper portfolio.

Thorne looks up at Joe's shelves. "Hum," he says, "you're a bit thin on ink. I'll put you a dozen blues in. You need some more school scribbles too, by the look of things. What about a gross? How are those paper doilies going? Looks like they've sold well. I'll send you some more."

Up to this time Thorne, who is now scribbling in his order book, has done Joe's buying for him. He has known Joe for many years and can say almost to an envelope what he'll sell.

Then, in case he has missed anything, Thorne reels off from his list: "Art gum, mucilage, sticky tapes, crayons, chalks, paint brushes, pencils, paintbox refills . . ."

Occasionally Joe interrupts him and orders a few items.

Matt dropped the stick and looked helplessly toward Tildy. He raised his hand as though to touch her, paused, and dropped it limply to his side. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry I did it. I don't know why—I don't—" He stood silent for a minute before he managed to speak again.

"That washing machine—I'll get one for you next year. Next year for sure."

And he was almost smiling when he turned to Davy. "Come on, kid. You go get the milk pails and I bet we can gather up enough hailstones to make ice cream." ★

Thorne proceeds: "Blotting paper, Bristol board—you know the stuff for making showcards—white or colored—very useful—clip wall files, fancy gift wrappings, playing cards, bridge scores . . ."

"I've been offered playing cards, same as yours, but cheaper," says Joe, significantly.

"Somebody's giving 'em away," says Thorne. "You know our price, Joe. We can't afford to give 'em away any more than you can."

"Okay," says Joe. "Receipt forms, rulers, social stationery . . ."

"Yeah," says Joe, "gimme some social stationery."

"How many?"

"Oh, six dozen boxes."

"Haddon Hall, Royal Windsor, Lotus Lawn, Devonshire Deckle?"

"Sort 'em up," says Joe. "You know best."

"Now, what have we left?" asks Thorne. "Oh, yes. Will forms! Want any will forms?"

"Gimme a dozen," says Joe. "You never know around here."

Thorne is involved in a never-ending struggle to keep his customers from the wootings of his competitors. In turn he is constantly trying to win business from his competitors' customers. In this war of attrition, he says, he observes one golden rule: "Never knock the other man's line."

The majority of travelers Thorne meets sell dress goods, piece goods and food. It is in these staples that competition is now being felt most keenly. However, the introduction of some new gadget like a wire fence tightener, an electric dumb-waiter, or a novel power saw brings many new faces onto the road. The plastics industry launched a regiment of drummers. Some remain for years. Others are seen once full of confidence, again deep in gloom, and then are forgotten.

As a type, commercial travelers are changing fast, says Thorne. The happy-go-lucky salesman who bamboozled buyers and loaded them up with stuff they would never sell has vanished. With him too have gone the raffish tipplers and raconteurs whose experiences in hotel bedrooms bequeathed to the world a vast repertoire of seamy jokes. Thorne says he hardly ever hears a story these days. He never needs to use them himself. He thinks radio and movies have put so many good clean gags and wisecracks about that the average carpathaggers' story now sounds feeble.

The best "character" Thorne knows is a commercial traveler with ventriloquist powers. Thorne recalls with a chuckle how the ventriloquist once kept a railway conductor in a tizzy for some five minutes with urgent calls for help which seemed to come from behind the locked doors of a toilet. Just as the conductor was about to break open the door a perfectly composed passenger emerged. There developed between the passenger and the conductor an inane

harsugue in which neither could make sense of the other.

Another traveler who died recently was known to most men on the Ontario roads as 'The Judge'. His face was perpetually fixed in an expression of careworn pomp. He added considerably to his business by performing magnificent conjuring tricks for his clients with an air of weary nonchalance.

The younger men, says Thorne, are getting more serious. Many of them do no entertaining at all. In some lines manufacturers are now insisting on university graduates. Many commodities are becoming so complex that the traveler must be not only a salesman but a technician.

The drummers of today are protected by six commercial travelers' associations in Canada—The Maritimes CTA, Dominion CTA, Canadian CTA, Ontario CTA (to which Bert Thorne belongs), Great West CTA, and the Associated Commercial Travelers. For a subscription averaging \$12 a year they have rights to death benefits, widows' and orphans' funds, 25% off railway fares, guidance on job vacancies and many other services. Bert is also a member of the United Commercial Travelers of America, which covers him with accident insurance.

Tough Times on the Road

Bert Thorne might never have been a member of the Ontario CTA if it hadn't been for his height. He was born in the market town of Crediton, eight miles from Exeter, in Devonshire, England. His grandfather and his father belonged to the ancient craft of ecclesiastical decorating. Young Thorne was apprenticed to this work by his father but the boy was so short he had no reach and it took him twice as long to gild a shrine or paint the ceiling of a transept as the ordinary apprentice.

When his father emigrated with the family to London, Ont., in 1913, Bert Thorne was 19 years old and showed no promise of ever topping five feet three. His father said interior decorating would be a waste of his time and told him to seek other work.

Thorne began as a clerk in a London

stationery store. Soon afterward he was a mechanic in the Canadian arm of the Royal Flying Corps. But he never went overseas—too small. On demobilization he went back to the stationery store. One day he went to collect some goods from a wholesale firm and found himself being interviewed. A week later—it was in 1920—he hit the road for the first time.

A year later he became a bookseller and developed literary tastes. He sold fiction and standard works for five years, then switched to greeting cards. During his 14 years in greeting cards he survived the depression. At one time, however, business was so bad he was reduced to pushing a line of risqué "comic" cards. "My best customers for them," he says, "were always women."

During the recent war, when goods were scarce, Thorne continued his travels. He was not selling. He was merely apportioning what goods he had available among his customers. He says a few have forgotten the "good turns" he did them when all storekeepers were clamoring for scarce lines. "But most of those I looked after during the war are looking after me now."

Thorne reckons that 60% of business is based on personal relationship. "You might get some business by price cutting," he says, "but you get the best through friendship."

Bert Thorne's apartment is one of those cosy homes which reflect the touch of a sweet-tempered and tolerant woman. Mrs. Thorne is a neat and soft-spoken Canadian. The couple have no children.

Bert rarely leaves his apartment while in Toronto. His idea of pleasure is entertaining, cooking and reading.

Thorne has two fairly regular nightmares. In one he is compelled to spend his vacation in a hotel. In the other he has to eat restaurant meals during his week end at home. He loves the life "on the road" but there are limits to his enthusiasm.

To some of his friends Thorne is a bit of a poet and a bit of a painter. But more important is the fact that to his employers, and his customers, he is a mighty good peddler. ★

The Tin Coat

Continued from page 11

that is one of the finest attributes of man. She would "start again at the beginning and never breathe a word about her loss," unquote!

There was delightful company on the train, superior people and sympathetic. The forty-six hours' delay was really a fortunate thing, for it had given the club car passengers time to get intimately acquainted and to start a bridge tournament. The snowslide behind and the derailed train of wheat cars ahead blocked the train effectually, but the buffet service was excellent. Air service was grounded because of storms but the railway officials took a handful of passengers past the wreck by handcar and work train... passengers such as the woman who was on her way to an injured husband and the doctor who was urgently needed in Toronto.

The club car folks really enjoyed the enforced imprisonment, but Susan tossed in her berth.

SUSAN might have been a problem. With the perversity of the young, she had got the notion that they were going to visit grandma, "where there were cows," and she chattered to everyone about the cows and grandma and

her daddy who had a jeep as well as a blue car. She liked riding in the jeep. It bumped.

An elderly man with a grey mustache opened his trunk in the baggage car and made a picture show of funny mice and cats and ducks for her. The train crew took her for walks up the cars and among the piles of express where a monkey was being shipped in his crate. Up at that end of the train Susan fell madly in love with a boy who couldn't talk English but who had a yellow truck from the dime store, and as far as anyone knew he might also have things in his hair. Susan came back with orange juice on her dress and a smudge on her eye and her hands were sticky.

Her mother handed her cards to the elderly grey man while she went to the washroom to make her daughter respectable again. The smudge on the eye reminded her of something indefinite on the other side of the mountains and the snowslide. Absent-minded, and half under her breath as she rubbed at the smudge, she said holy-old-hell.

Susan danced from the washcloth and said, "Oh, mummy, you said daddy's bad word!"

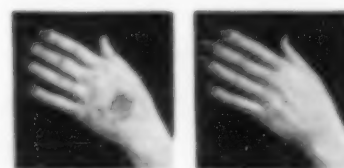
THAT night the train was on its way again but Susan tossed in her berth.

And as Margaret got up to see if



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RECENTLY, 181 women of all ages took part in a careful skin improvement test supervised by 3 doctors—skin specialists! The women had many common skin troubles—roughness, dryness or skin blemishes.

The doctors explained a new 4 Step Medicated Beauty Routine specifically developed to bring to women the full benefits of Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream. The women used only one cream—night and morning—for 14 days. Each woman's skin was examined through a magnifying lens at 7-day intervals.

Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, levelier skin in 2 weeks!



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FROM ENGLAND



Enjoyed The World Over!

Susan was fevered, Bill's rather generous assurance got into her head. "You can have the kid, I hope!"

Then as she tried to sleep the persistent wheels over the angle bars of the rails kept up a muffled rhythm of "I hope; I hope; I hope."

SHE HAD left a wire at the first telegraph station to advise Frank she would be forty-eight hours late at the Lancaster Arms. And she had wired the Lancaster Arms about extending her reservation. Frank would undoubtedly insist that she go and visit with him and his sister until she could make more permanent plans. Frank had always been the perfect man of distinction, and a week or two in Montreal would make her feel more able to go to grandma's, where they would want her very much but where they were too old to understand the problems of modern living. With the shower of their love there would be a cloud, as if in their old-fashioned way they were thinking that when one makes a bed one lies in it. It would be better to spend a week or two with Frank and his sister. The muffled wheels of No. 2 racing eastward over the angle bars lulled her to sleep with "I hope; I hope; I hope."

Then next day they lost the doll.

It was a rag doll that only faintly resembled a doll but it had been kissed a lot. It was one of Susan's two pearls beyond all price. The other pearl was her tin coat. They lost the coat too.

Four days on a train in spite of care and courtesy, bridge tournaments and wonderful buffet service, gets confining and tedious to passengers age five. One might go with the brakeman to the express car and see the monkey in the crate, or to the forward car and see the Ukrainian boy with the yellow truck from Woodworth's, but such diversions would not leave one with a decently clean dress to wear on arrival at the Lancaster Arms.

For fresh air Margaret had several times bundled Susan up in a warm coat and taken her out to the observation platform where she could watch the snow swirling up behind the speeding train and watch the telegraph poles race past and grow small.

On the fifth day Susan had become more and more fretful. After supper she had begged to go out on the "train veranda" and that seemed a good idea to freshen up and sort of get an appetite for sleep. The major and the man with the grey moustache went, too, to see what the northern Ontario air feels like when the frost is 32 below. The conductor had advised them to shield their ears and noses.

That was how the tin coat got into the picture. The conductor was helping Susan wrap up her doll.

To avoid unnecessary and avoidable young grief when they were packing back where there had been a home, Margaret had let Susan put the tin coat into the suitcase with her doll and her crayons and her sixteen bottle caps.

That tin coat had been a provocation to Margaret for a long time. It was a ghastly off-color red and Bill had bought it for Susan once when he had her out in the jeep and it had rained. He had snipped off some inches of sleeve and Tony, the cobbler, had neatly shoe-stitched the pliant waterproof leatherette. Because daddy always wore a leather jacket when he went to the construction camp, Susan had wanted one too, "a coat that was smooth like tin."

She had been spanked once for putting on that tin coat over her dainty party dress and she had been spanked once for going out in the rain, hatless and with white shoes in the mud, but safe from all harm under her tin coat.

And yet when she was delicious with measles and had cried to have her tin coat over her the old doctor had said, "Well, for lord's sake, woman, let her have it," and Susan's hot hands had stroked the smooth cool stained leatherette.

AND NOW on the back veranda of the transcontinental, as the major held Susan bundled in a big mink coat that belonged to the bishop's wife, the tin coat and the doll it covered slipped from the bundled arms into the snow and night of thirty below. The great engine with never a pause hurried its sixteen cars eastward through the storm, all unaware that tragedy had boarded the rear end by the light of the green and red markers.

Nothing could possibly be done. Ontario has hundreds of miles of endless lakes and curves and rocks where no one lives. If the storm had not already whipped the little tin coat and doll across a frozen lake or into a ravine or tangled it in some stunted jackpine tree, the plow in the night would either cover it or tatter it to shreds.

Susan sobbed herself to tiredness and wakened to cry, "Daddy, daddy, daddy. Get my coat."

Archie Shannon was concerned about the comfort of his passengers. Besides that, he had a child at home. Twenty-two miles farther on, when his train stopped for water, he climbed down and explained the tragedy to Archie Dechesne, night operator.

Shannon added, "The fool woman's taking the kid east to get a new husband and the kid's going to need that tin coat."

The young operator said blankly that nothing could be done. He reported the transcontinental's departure and then to pass the long endless night hours he gossiped over the phone with the dispatcher in his office at division.

Dispatcher in his office and operator at his black telegraph outpost agreed that nothing could be done about a tin coat in a storm twenty-two miles back in the bush.

North Bay was calling about a delayed shipment of cattle from Edmonton and a derailed car of sulphuric acid for Sudbury and the dispatcher went about his duties. Operator Dechesne at mile 87 piled more briquettes on his stove and jammed a bundle of waste under the door where the draught came in with the snow. There was nothing more to pass his order board for two hours. He started to read his detective story but gave it up.

He went to the frosted window, rubbed it, and noted that his thermometer now said 37 or 38 below. His watch said 1.04.

He returned to his chair.

He dozed. He dreamed of his Belgian bride, living now in a crowded room in Toronto. Eventually he would have enough seniority to move to a town job, and she and the baby could come and live with him in this God-forsaken land of storm and darkness and emptiness.

He pictured her at that moment bending over the basket on the chairs that was the baby's bed. Maybe the baby had cried for a drink, or for the two o'clock feeding too soon. And all at once the baby was covered with a red tin coat.

The phone rang and Dechesne heard the dispatcher's voice. "If you have a trackman that's willing to go, you can flag down the westbound plow and see if we can get that bloody coat and doll." The dispatcher was a gruff man and without sentiment, but he had a kid once who in a flash had grown up and got killed in the sky over the Mediterranean.

Dechesne at milepost 87 suddenly

jumped to put on his coat and muffler. As he opened the door the frost cut his eyes and there was a momentary blackout as the dry cold air struck his lungs.

At the bunkhouse thirty yards away three men were sleeping in a room that smelled of sweat and wet work clothes and oil and smoke.

They sat up fully clothed in their bunks and listened sullenly to Dechesne's tale. They wouldn't go unless they got an order to go. And it was a fool idea, for in the storm when you couldn't even see the rails of the track, how in hell are you gonna see a kid's coat?

But John, the man from Poland, the fellow who had been in jail a dozen times for being drunk and disorderly, the one who had smashed the face of the girl in Sudbury, came to Dechesne twenty minutes later and told him to stop the censured plow, as it came through, so that he could be dropped off in that stretch of track where the little tin coat had been dropped.

John was a man who had been beaten once with a rope for stealing beet tops and turnip peelings that stuck through the rack of an army garbage truck. That had been during the war in 1916. He'd had a wife and baby then, until he had been tied to a post to watch them die.

Susan's tin coat had become a major matter.

TWO hours later Old John dropped from the tail of the slow-moving van. He sprawled in the snow; his signal lamp blacked out. The blinking red tail markers of the plow speeded up around the curve and after that there was just night and storm.

East, there were twenty-two miles to the nearest human. West, there were twenty-seven miles. North and south there were a thousand miles of empty bush and rock like a great dump pile tossed there when the world was made after the Engineers of Creation had finished Maryland and Wyoming and Saskatchewan.

John walked the plowed track to the rock cut, huddled down and put his lamp under his mackinaw coat and managed to light the tiny yellow flame. He noticed how quickly the plowed track was filling in. He noticed he had to limp. He swore.

A mile east he plodded and then back and a mile west. In the sheltered rock cuts he kicked through the snow on the leeward side from the wind. At the fills where the wind had a clear sweep so that his breath gagged, he took his flares down the embankment where the snow was waist-deep and looked along the tangle of tug-alders and jack pine. Several times he sat down by thick cedars. At age 57 some men are old.

Looking up, he could see stars through pauses in the snow swirl. He took handfuls of snow and rubbed it hard over his cheeks and eyes and felt the warmth of it.

His yellow flares would burn for ten minutes though the wind whipped the flame so that it was not much use. As the flare flickered out he would tear off the cap of another and continue his search.

In the long rock cut he saw bits of two wolves that a train had killed.

Crossing the trestle when he had to turn and gasp for breath, he saw a baby lying. He shook his head. His baby had died long ago in 1916.

About 4.30 a.m. the western express passed and John rammed his burning fusee in the snow lest the engineer think it was a signal. The warm lighted train and the subdued sleeping-car windows passed into the night. The engineer wondered who and what and how as his headlight for seven or eight seconds

showed him a muffled-up man standing waist-deep in the snow by the right-of-way.

John found it difficult to get from the snow that time and then he stumbled on the rail and sat for a minute watching the red lights fade down the long straight stretch. He had some difficulty in lighting his fusee. His leather mitts fumbled as he tried to hit the cap to start the flame. When it spattered to brightness he dropped it and held out his arms, for instead of a ghastly white world of frost and snow it had lit up a little creek in Poland and there was a woman wearing a tiny cross on her white throat, sitting on a rock and dipping her bare feet in the water.

He lit another fusee and presently in the shelter of a rock cut found that the wind was much less furious. The stars were all clear now but they had long points on them and through the ice on his shaggy eyes the points had shifting rainbow colors and the stars were big as half dollars. He dropped a leather mitt and the double woolen mitts that were inside it and forgot to pick it up. He failed to notice that he was carrying his sputtering fusee in his naked hand or that the sputtering white metal sparks dropped on his naked wrist and work-hardened knuckles.

At grey dawn John had stumbled and fumbled in the snow for the fusee he had dropped. He just sat there and stared at a woman who had died many years ago.

Presently the woman stirred. She sat up and smiled at John. The midlifers with knives marching smartly up and down did not pause or notice. The woman walked right on and took her shawl and spread it over a baby that had died in the sun.

John gave a loud cry and started up. He stumbled to grasp the woman and the child and his arms closed on a red tin coat and a doll. Nothing else.

THE freight train coming up the long straight at dawn saw him sitting stupid and half-frozen and took him into the van. At once his face started to burn like fire and he cursed. They gave him whisky and they poured ice-cold water over his naked right hand, but he did not notice.

They took him to the division and reported to the dispatcher that they had found him half-frozen and babbling about a kid's coat and a rag doll.

The general superintendent at North Bay took the wire and said crisply, "Get that coat to Montreal by plane by 4.10 today." He barked just six crisp orders to six different men and then went about his job of binding a confederation from sea to sea with buzzards and passenger coaches.

PAST Ottawa, the nurse on the train had felt quite certain that Susan was in for scarlet fever. The child tossed in her berth. It would be well to see a doctor as soon as they got to Montreal.

The transcontinental had made up nearly six hours of its lost time and a taxi was waiting. As they were about to get in, a stationmaster and a porter and a conductor started paging Margaret and the platform amplifiers took up the work.

They handed her a tin coat of a ghastly off-color shade of red. Susan struggled from the nurse's arms and put her face against the leatherette that was smooth like tin and said, "Daddy got it, daddy got it."

"Lancaster Arms!" repeated the taximan as he shut the door.

Margaret was silent a noticeable number of seconds, and then said evenly, "No. Belvedere Hotel."

That evening as Susan lay peacefully covered with a tin coat, hug-

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WINSTON, ONTARIO

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The donor must resemble the husband, must have no prominent features which could be passed on, and must be of superior intelligence, character and health. Most donors in Canada and the U. S. are medical students and interns. They can look upon the practice in a purely scientific and impersonal manner. They are paid like blood donors (\$10, usually, but as high as \$35 in New York) and they never know whether their specimen is being used for an artificial insemination or merely for laboratory research.

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The painstaking screening of couples is the doctors' answer to the dangers which churchmen and psychologists see in artificial insemination. The doctors agree that a donor-fathered child might grow into a barrier between husband and wife if the couple were originally unstable or the child not earnestly desired. But every doctor performing artificial inseminations guards against this by selecting prospective AID parents so carefully that, in actual practice, many couples are turned down for every one accepted.

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Doctors who have had experience with artificial insemination are unanimous that the dangers of emotional or psychic troubles are exaggerated.

"Psychologists and church leaders see all kinds of dangers, but they do their talking without ever actually having seen a family in which there is an artificially inseminated child," a doctor said. "We have seen the real situation in scores of families."

"I have never heard of a divorce or other domestic trouble caused by the presence of a child which came from artificial insemination. It's usually the other way around—marriages in danger of breaking up are cemented firmly together again by the child."

Not infrequently a wife will demand

artificial insemination without the husband's knowledge, hoping to give birth to a baby which the husband will think his own and thereby sparing him the humiliation of being proved sterile. Most doctors refuse these requests. There is too much danger, they say, of the husband later learning the truth and domestic trouble resulting.

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Other doctors comment:

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"I have done about 50 in the past two years, only half of which have been successful. But I consider it a pain in the neck. I agree only after a lot of pressure from the family."

"It was relatively unknown in Canada until a little over five years ago. Now Canadians are getting educated to it and more and more are asking for it. I have never attempted it, but I am studying the procedure and believe I will try it on a few of my patients who are very anxious."

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Adultery and artificial insemination were opposites, Dr. Guttmacher insisted. One was done clandestinely to deceive and enjoy carnal pleasure; the other was performed decently and frankly to beget offspring without even the emotional enjoyment of normal marriage relations.

Toronto Breaks Ice

AMA fired back: If only the husband's consent was required to legitimize the offspring of artificial insemination, then by similar reasoning it might be argued that if a husband consented to his wife's adultery this consent legitimized the issue of the adulterous connection.

The world's first official court statement on the legality of artificial insemination came as a result of an action

for alimony in the Supreme Court of Ontario at Toronto in 1921. This case, *Orford versus Orford*, is recorded in the following pages of "Ontario Law Reports of 1921."

The Orfords were married in Toronto in 1913 and went to England soon afterward. They separated within a year, the wife remaining in England with her parents, the husband returning to Canada. The separation allegedly occurred because the marriage was not consummated due to a physical condition in the wife. The wife claimed she was anxious to cure her condition and return to her husband.

An English doctor told her that if she were artificially inseminated and bore a child the condition which barred her from marriage relations would disappear. Without the knowledge of the husband in Canada she sought the co-operation of a male friend as donor, submitted to artificial insemination, and bore a child in 1919. The donor adopted the child and the wife came to Canada to attempt rejoining her husband.

The husband accused her of adultery and refused to accept her back. Whereupon the wife sued for alimony and for the first time in history artificial insemination came under the scrutiny of a court of law.

Mr. Justice Orde listened to evidence and legal arguments for several days, then brought down his famous judgment. He dismissed the wife's claim for alimony saying: "A wife's submission to artificial insemination without her husband's consent is adultery—not because of moral turpitude but because adultery is the voluntary surrender to another person of the reproductive powers or faculties of the guilty person. It is adulterous because it involves introducing into the family of the husband a false strain of blood."

The wife's lawyer had argued: "Without sexual intercourse there is no adultery."

Mr. Justice Orde replied: "A monstrous conclusion to put forward in a court of justice! It is adultery—adultery in a test tube!"

Escape From Perjury

The British divorce action, *Russell versus Russell*, brought the judgment that a wife who bears a child as a result of artificial insemination "even with the full approval of her husband, has committed adultery without its pleasures." The judgment added: "It is conception of a child by another man which constitutes adultery."

Two recent U. S. cases indicate, however, that the courts are growing more lenient. In Chicago a judge stated that "artificial insemination, even without the husband's consent, is not in itself grounds for divorce on a charge of adultery."

A New York husband, legally separated from his wife, won the right to visit his four-year-old daughter each Sunday, although the wife had revealed that she had borne the child after artificial insemination.

The New York judge ruled that the child was legitimate, and that the father had the same rights toward her as though she was of his own blood.

Ontario's new Vital Statistics Act, which became law Jan. 1, doesn't once mention artificial insemination, yet it gives the artificially inseminated child and its parents a better break, most lawyers believe, than they get in any other part of the English-speaking world. Under it all children are registered in the mother's name.

An Ontario married mother is required only to enter the name of her husband beside her own on the registration, and the husband is presumed

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AMA fired back: If only the husband's consent was required to legitimize the offspring of artificial insemination, then by similar reasoning it might be argued that if a husband consented to his wife's adultery this consent legitimized the issue of the adulterous connection.

The world's first official court statement on the legality of artificial insemination came as a result of an action

for alimony in the Supreme Court of Ontario at Toronto in 1921. This case, Orford versus Orford, is recorded in the yellowing pages of "Ontario Law Reports of 1921."

The Orfords were married in Toronto in 1913 and went to England soon afterward. They separated within a year, the wife remaining in England with her parents, the husband returning to Canada. The separation allegedly occurred because the marriage was not consummated due to a physical condition in the wife. The wife claimed she was anxious to cure her condition and return to her husband.

An English doctor told her that if she were artificially inseminated and bore a child the condition which debarred her from marriage relations would disappear. Without the knowledge of the husband in Canada she sought the co-operation of a male friend as donor, submitted to artificial insemination, and bore a child in 1919. The donor adopted the child and the wife came to Canada to attempt rejoining her husband.

The husband accused her of adultery and refused to accept her back. Whereupon the wife sued for alimony and for the first time in history artificial insemination came under the scrutiny of a court of law.

Mr. Justice Orde listened to evidence and legal arguments for several days, then brought down his famous judgment. He dismissed the wife's claim for alimony saying: "A wife's submission to artificial insemination without her husband's consent is adultery—not because of moral turpitude but because adultery is the voluntary surrender to another person of the reproductive powers or faculties of the guilty person. It is adulterous because it involves introducing into the family of the husband a false strain of blood."

The wife's lawyer had argued: "Without sexual intercourse there is no adultery."

Mr. Justice Orde replied: "A monstrous conclusion to put forward in a court of justice! It is adultery—adultery in a test tube!"

Escape From Perjury

The British divorce action, Russell versus Russell, brought the judgment that a wife who bears a child as a result of artificial insemination "even with the full approval of her husband, has committed adultery without its pleasures." The judgment added: "It is conception of a child by another man which constitutes adultery."

Two recent U. S. cases indicate, however, that the courts are growing more lenient. In Chicago a judge stated that "artificial insemination, even without the husband's consent, is not in itself grounds for divorce on a charge of adultery."

A New York husband, legally separated from his wife, won the right to visit his four-year-old daughter each Sunday, although the wife had revealed that she had borne the child after artificial insemination.

The New York judge ruled that the child was legitimate, and that the father had the same rights toward her as though she was of his own blood.

Ontario's new Vital Statistics Act, which became law Jan. 1, doesn't once mention artificial insemination, yet it gives the artificially inseminated child and its parents a better break, most lawyers believe, than they get in any other part of the English-speaking world. Under it all children are registered in the mother's name.

An Ontario married mother is required only to enter the name of her husband beside her own on the registration, and the husband is presumed

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to be the father of the child without the mother being required to say definitely whether he is or not. Thus all children born to married mothers rate as legitimate, and the parents of an artificially inseminated child can withhold the name of the real father (which they don't know anyway in 99% of the cases) without resorting to perjury.

Church leaders, especially in Britain, denounce artificial insemination as a vile corruption which threatens to undermine the standards of Christian morality.

"Boon to Happiness"

The Roman Catholic Church has taken a rigid stand. In 1897, when artificial insemination of humans was first beginning to appear feasible, the simple question: "Can artificial insemination of a woman be practiced?" was put to the Holy Office in Rome. Came back a crisp and unequivocal ruling: "It is not lawful." And the church of Rome hasn't relented one iota since.

The Roman Catholic Church condemns the practice, as it condemns birth control, on the grounds that man is usurping the functions of God.

Last July the Anglican Church made up for lost time with an official condemnation as damning as anything yet put forward by the Church of Rome.

A commission of 13 experts (including six doctors, two of whom were women) was established at the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and headed by the Lord Bishop of London.

Artificial insemination by donor, the experts said, should be made a criminal offense. It was . . . "a breach of the marriage," "wrong in principle and contrary to Christian standards."

Strong criticism was also leveled by churchmen at a conference called by the Public Morality Council in Britain.

The doctors' answer is that artificial insemination is a boon to human happiness and social welfare; that it is no more contrary to natural law than anaesthetics, blood transfusions, serums or surgical operations.

Support comes from Britain's World League for Sex Reform, which states that the method is widely used among a British aristocracy plagued by male sterility.

A rebel is Dr. Frances Seymour, medical director of Eugenic Alleviation of Sterility Inc., New York City. She states defiantly that she has given "laboratory babies" to many unmarried, as well as married, women.

"It is every woman's heritage to bear children," Dr. Seymour says. "Artificial insemination provides the unmarried businesswoman with a decent and moral method of acquiring the children nature intended her to bear." ★

Stalin Is Losing in Asia

Continued from page 8

the summer of 1948 was this: the nations of the Far East were crying out passionately for independence. The Soviet Union was supporting their demands as a means of weakening the western democracies but not at the same time working aggressively to install Communist governments controlled directly by Moscow. The western nations, ignoring the fundamental problem, were throwing random punches at Communism—or what they thought was Communism. Actually, most of their blows were landing on the sensitive feelings of native nationalism wearing a Communist disguise. By their blundering tactics, the western allies were pushing Asia into the arms of the Kremlin.

It is dangerous to predict how far Communism might have been able to carry its successes in Asia, or to what extent the gains already made can be consolidated and held. The poverty-stricken masses of the Far East have been ripe for revolution since the end of World War I. The farmers want what General Douglas MacArthur has given them in Japan—the abolition of feudal land laws and liberation from the clutches of the landlords. Industrial workers want more machinery, higher pay and shorter hours. Merchants want more trade and the right to buy and sell without interference from colonial monopolies. Observers have long predicted the Communist movement in China—which now appears to be achieving such miracles—would outside as quickly as it emerged if crop rentals and land taxes were reduced, if arrogant war lords were suppressed, and if crooked politicians and bureaucrats were fired.

Temporarily, the bulk of Asia's population is not Communist-minded. Except in Japan, few Orientals have learned the doctrine of patriotism or accepted the cult of the omniscient state. The rice bowl in the fountain-head of the common man's political philosophy; the best government is the government which can assure him a full rice bowl. Poverty makes every family

fiercely self-serving. There is no quicker way to alienate the peasant than to threaten the ownership or occupancy of the land he tills. Merchants' big and small cherish the profit motive as an inalienable right; they would struggle insidiously and tenaciously against any Communist attempt to circumscribe the fine art of making money.

Asiatics may tolerate Communism as a necessary expedient in an uncertain world, but it is not in their temperament to embrace it unreservedly. What the Kremlin calls "deviationism" is more likely to be the rule than the exception in Asia. Anything Communism stands to gain in the immediate future could easily be lost in the course of a generation.

Nevertheless, even a temporary expansion of Communism in the Far East could postpone indefinitely the hope of achieving economic stability and world peace. If the Soviet Union could win the friendship or neutrality of a billion Asiatics, the balance of world power would be radically altered. So long as western Europe, the Americas and Asia remain non-Communist, the odds against Russia are better than three to one. If Asia were to shift into the Soviet orbit, the odds would be roughly even and the entire Eurasian land mass would become a Soviet air base.

Chronicle of Failure

These alarming speculations were implicit in the Communist capture of Manchuria and the invasion of the Yangtze valley of central China. Japan's Communist leader, Sanzo Nishida, crowed victoriously: "In the Allied Council for Japan, Russia has always been outvoted, three to one . . . but when China becomes Communist, the division will be two to two—with Britain and America lined up against China and Russia!"

The western allies could hardly ignore such a challenge. For 20 years they had pampered the nationalist regime of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in the belief he could and would lead the people of China toward unity, reconstruction and modern statehood. Now they know he has failed.

The discovery could hardly have

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come as a surprise. Chiang's party, the Kuomintang, has suffered from a creeping paralysis ever since his successful campaign against the Communists in 1927. In large measure, the fault lies with Chiang himself. He came to power as a revolutionary and promised his party would lead the way toward fundamental reform and modernization. Chiang called himself a Christian, and paid fulsome lip service to the doctrine of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, father of the Chinese revolution.

In reality, under Chiang's leadership, the revolution came to a dead halt. For 10 years he squandered China's wealth and energies in fruitless forays against a handful of Communists. During that time, there was no land reform, no tax reform, no administrative reform. He failed to provide transportation, financial stability or industrial development. From first to last, Chiang's outlook remained Confucian rather than Christian. In his mind, so his intimates have told me, Chiang conceives of China as a vast family with himself at its head. As in the Confucian family system, Chiang reserves to himself the right to rule with arbitrary singleness.

The Military Failure

An incident 15 years ago betrayed his attitude. Dr. T. V. Soong, his brother-in-law, had returned to China with a brand-new Harvard education in banking and business administration. Soong, having been made Finance Minister, persuaded the Generalissimo that China, as a modern state, must have a budget, and Chiang gave enthusiastic approval. But no sooner had the budget been drafted and approved than Chiang sent for his Finance Minister and explained he must have \$200,000 at once with which to repay a southern war lord for a political favor. Soong protested there was no item in the budget covering such expenditures and insisted no money was available. Chiang peremptorily demanded the \$200,000—and got it. To him, China's public revenues were a part of his privy purse and no budget of his has ever been worth the paper it was written on.

One of the more colorful myths in Chiang's repertoire concerns his alleged military genius. During the war an attempt was made by General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell to dispel that myth, but it remained for Chiang himself to prove Stilwell was right.

In 1946, when the failure of General George Marshall's mission to China had become apparent, it was generally agreed the Chinese civil war had reached a stalemate. Numerous experts, including Lt.-Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, asserted the conflict could not be resolved by force of arms. At that time, it was admitted officially, the National government had an army of 3,700,000. Included in this force were 39 divisions which had been wholly or partly trained and equipped by the United States. At the same time, according to Kuomintang figures, the Chinese Communists possessed a military force of fewer than 400,000 men.

In the summer of 1948, correspondent Joseph Fromm of World Report, after careful investigation, reported the 39 American-trained divisions had virtually ceased to exist as a fighting force. Nanking admitted its army had dwindled to two million. By December it had suffered additional losses exceeding 500,000 men. In one month, incompetent Chinese generals lost 16 brigades totaling 360,000 men, and their loss of weapons was the greatest for any month on record in the civil war.

Meanwhile, by the summer of 1948, the size of the Communist army had increased six times, to 2,600,000.

According to the Minister of National Defense, General Ho Ying-chin, Chiang Kai-shek, therefore, started the civil war with a military preponderance of nearly 10 to one; three years later his men in the field were outnumbered nearly two to one!

In the postwar period Chiang received something like two billion dollars' worth of American supplies, a good portion of which wound up in the hands of Communist armies. Some material was lost in legitimate combat operations, but great quantities were sold to Communists by corrupt army commanders in the field. In addition, the Communists found it easy to buy UNRRA and other relief supplies through black-market channels and through deals with Chinese smugglers. Chiang Kai-shek's military headquarters never succeeded in visiting effective punishment on dishonest field commanders. Neither did Chiang ever provide wholehearted support for generals like Li Tsung-jen and Fu Tiao-yi who were honestly trying to beat back the Communist wave. Neither would Chiang confer commands on honest, capable young generals like Sun Li-jen, who was trained by Stilwell in Burma. Neither would Chiang accept the advice of conscientious generals that the army must enlist the support of the peasants in order to be able to conduct effective operations against Communist guerrilla tactics.

Chiang let his military establishment disintegrate by clinging to a swivel-chair army clique in Nanking which placed Kuomintang party politics ahead of military considerations in the field.

In addition to his military failures, Chiang must accept personal responsibility for the economic bungling which has strangled his regime. He allowed corrupt officials to make Shanghai and Nanking a compound of graft. With Chiang's tacit consent, foreign trade was conducted on a basis of bribery and favoritism which weakened the nation's entire economy. Nor was an effort made by Chiang's corrupt bureaucracy to establish a tax system which could sustain the war program. Not until the late autumn of 1948 did Chiang order paymasters to distribute wages directly to his troops instead of handing it over in lump sums to divisional commanders for their private enrichment.

The story of Chiang Kai-shek's failure in China is crucial in the cold war against Communism because it is a symptom of a disease afflicting all Asia. In essence, it is a story of thwarted nationalism, of a revolution that was murdered by its authors, of reforms which were stillborn. Chinese who were once prepared to believe wholeheartedly in Chiang's brand of nationalism are now equally ready to welcome Communist control, not because they have become pro-Communist but because they have become bitterly anti-Kuomintang. By disowning the revolution which fathered him, Chiang has in effect delivered his people to the Communists.

The Americans Wake Up

When Chinese Communist armies in October and November swept through the Yellow River valley and converged on Nanking, other Far Eastern nations were quick to recognize that their own dikes were in danger. Unless the western democracies were able to come to terms quickly with native nationalism, frustrated revolutionaries throughout Asia might embrace Communism as their only alternative.

By the time President Truman was assured of re-election, it was apparent that the United States would have to formulate special terms and tactics for

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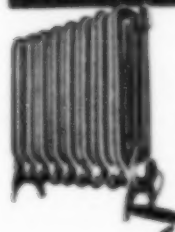
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the prosecution of the cold war in Asia. There followed in quick succession a series of major policy decisions. In December the United States committed itself to a three-year program of economic assistance in South Korea. That represented the first long-term commitment in Asia since the end of the war. In return, the American Government exacted promises of rigid economic controls which by implication were far more socialistic than anything the United States itself would contemplate.

The problem of Japan's rehabilitation was overhauled in three decisions of major importance. In the first of these the American Government ordered General MacArthur to take no further action in breaking up the monopolistic structure of Japan's economy. In the second, the Far Eastern Commission instructed MacArthur to discard all possible wartime controls over Japanese trade and industry—in effect, to call off the economic blockade despite the absence of a formal peace treaty. In the third, the Army and State Department imposed on Japan the same controls on budgeting, currency, exchange and economic policy which had been accepted by President Syngman Rhee's government in Korea.

As if to demonstrate that these decisions were in no sense unilateral dictats by the United States, the Economic Commission for Asia and the

Far East, meeting in Sydney, Australia, under United Nations auspices, recommended that trade with Japan be encouraged and that part of a 13-billion-dollar fund for Far Eastern rehabilitation be allocated for the development of Japanese industry. In effect, that ECAFE decision endorsed the contention that Asia as a whole cannot prosper while even a defeated enemy is economically prostrate.

Probably the most significant step in the reorientation of U. S. Far Eastern policy took place in December as a result of Dutch military action against the republican forces in Java. When the United States joined other members of the UN Security Council in denouncing the surprise Dutch attack, the action was interpreted in Asia as a forthright repudiation of everything implied in the word "imperialism." It was considered significant because at no time in this century had the United States ever challenged the position of the colonial powers in Asia. The tendency in the State Department had always been to maintain the status quo.

In the over-all view, however, the American action was not inconsistent. After the war, the whole concept of colonialism had been undermined when Britain and the United States granted independence to India, Burma and the Philippines. These concessions to the spirit of native nationalism had left only two colonial powers in Asia—the

French and the Dutch. With the onset of the cold war in Europe, the United States had found it necessary to provide economic aid to France and the Netherlands, and for a time had felt impelled to support the French and Dutch in Asia also. In the end, however, it was inevitable that the United States should have adopted the policy of native self-determination; and the pressure of Communism in China served only to give impetus to a program which could not have been indefinitely postponed.

Overnight there was a change of feelings in Asia. Communism lost millions of potential allies. The action of the western democracies in recognizing the aspirations of Indonesian nationalists has convinced revolutionary leaders throughout Asia that Russia is no longer their only friend. A new possibility emerges—a possibility that the western world, far from insisting on imperialist domination, may in fact provide concrete moral and economic help in achieving national independence. By conceding the necessity of socialized controls, the capitalist democracies may be able to offer immediate improvements in living standards which will far outweigh the glib millennium pictured by Communist zealots.

Asia is waiting now for substantial evidence that democracy means greater self-respect and a bigger rice bowl. ★

They Died for 7 Cents A Day

Continued from page 8

out of debt. Junior officers implemented their pay by charging refugees fares for rides on army trucks.

The average foot soldier, on two dollars a month—about 7 cents a day—saw these things going on and could find no opportunity for graft himself. He was for the most part a human hulk, suffering from malnutrition, supporting with scabies and riddled with malaria. There were no cheers for him. He was kicked off people's doorsteps for begging a bowl of rice.

Gradually the war degenerated into Gilbertian futility, interrupted by spasms of unspeakable brutality. Crossing the line was a daily occurrence. Thousands were forced to do it out of economic necessity. Since the food was under the Communists and the commodities under the Nationalists both sides needed to exchange goods.

In Hankow the Nationalist traders had a special committee for striking bargains with the Communists. I remember a British social worker coming down from 150 miles inside Communist country. He was bewildered. It seemed he was getting a lift on a Communist truck when a Nationalist colonel in full uniform and insignia flagged them to stop. Without concern the Communists picked him

up and drove him to within walking distance of his own lines. When the Englishman asked the Communists what was the idea they said, "Oh, he's a very good man. We get all our gas from him."

To townsfolk the war was no longer a patriotic crusade; it was an intolerable nuisance grinding down their standard of life. A sense of frustration and humiliation began to sweep over Nationalist China early last year. All but the very rich, with property to lose, were ready for peace at any price.

Three Potatoes a Day

The ordinary workingman in Hankow lived in a mud-floor shack about six feet by 10. During the rainy season the floor was always two or three inches deep in slime. The middle-class man lived in a house about as well-built and spacious as the average Canadian garage. One of my laboratory workers, a university graduate, would have been very proud to live in my Toronto garage. The affluent businessmen lived in homes corresponding to a six-room house on a modern Canadian avenue. Even the millionaires did not live in fabulous luxury, as is commonly supposed.

Poorer people lived on three potatoes a day. Middle-class folk had three bowls of polished rice a day. Rich people had meat and fish in their food, but only about as much as the British ration. Ninety per cent of the average income went on food.

Chinese doctors practicing ethical medicine earn half as much again as a garbage man and the same as a labourer in a laundry. One of my assistants at Hankow, a graduate in tropical medicine from Liverpool, could not afford to buy his necessary books.

On the other hand many less scrupulous Chinese doctors got rich. I know a Roman Catholic missionary who had to undergo an operation on the prostate gland. The surgeon got him on the table, opened him, and then told him he wanted 900 U. S. dollars to complete the operation. Other missionaries had to subscribe to help pay the fee. Many doctors get a rake-off

on sales of blood plasma and salines. In Nationalist China, agriculture was on a share-cropping basis. The share cropper split with the landlord 50-50. The split was grossly unfair to the share cropper who also paid all taxes out of his half.

Nearly 80% of the national income was poured into the Nationalist army. Little was spent on social services.

It is an exaggeration to say the Chinese hated the Americans but they did hate American equipment as a symbol of continued warfare. A schoolmaster would look from his tumble-down building onto an airfield and see a Canadian Mosquito. "For one of those," he tells his class, "we could have a new school building."

Over all this travail Chiang Kai-shek reigned. His edifice was at best a paternal feudalism. There were aspects of his Government which were despotic. If his regime is still in power when this article appears, within five days a clipped copy of Maclean's will go into my file held by the Nationalist political police. Chiang Kai-shek has agents throughout the world. In every factory, hospital and school in the state he maintained stool pigeons, reporting on the views and movements of their colleagues.

Yet I do not consider Chiang a malignant man. I don't believe he was ever mixed up in large-scale graft with



his brother-in-law, the millionaire T. V. Soong. His wife, of course, was accustomed to throwing her money about a bit, but on the whole he lived quietly. I can think of 50 men in Toronto who have a higher standard of living than his.

Chiang would sacrifice his life for China. He loved the people in a sort of lofty way. He was like a remote father, so busy at the office he never notices the kids are without shoes.

The trouble was, he was extremely right wing and many wrongs went unvoiced in his council chamber. He threw everything into the war against the Communists and offered the people nothing to sustain them. The Americans gave the Nationalists everything to fight with. Chiang gave them nothing to fight for.

Chiang and his wife shared a loathing for "Communist bandits" that amounted to an obsession.

I used to meet Madame Chiang Kai-shek frequently. But not since the day early in 1945 when I asked her permission to run medical supplies through to Communists then fighting the Japanese. I appreciated her husband's order that no military equipment of any kind was to be channeled to them. "But," I told Madame, "there is strong feeling in my church and elsewhere that since the Communists are fighting for us at the moment we should at least send them some drugs and bandages."

She walked up and down the room shaking with rage, clenching her fists,

and when she recovered her composure sufficiently to speak she began, "Do you mean to tell me you have the effrontery to come here and suggest that we give medical supplies to those . . . those dogs?" I left hurriedly.

The Chinese mind is almost inexplicable to the West. The time has not yet come when the West can impose its own ideas of democracy on China. (Russia, I might say, will find the Chinese just as difficult.)

I was at a dinner party before I left China and the conversation gives some idea of what democracy is up against there. The guests were all well-educated. One of them said: "Come on, give me the low-down on Churchill. Why did he quit?"

I said: "There is no low-down. The British decided they wanted one type of man to win the war and another type of man to win the peace. They just voted against Churchill . . . so he went."

The guest thought about it for a long time, then said: "Do you mean to tell me that after six years in arms, and then victory, Churchill could not stay on?"

"That's no," I said.

"Well, thank God the British Empire is not ruled by a man who doesn't know how to get rid of the opposition," said the guest.

The Nationalists have failed to get rid of their own opposition by force, even with the United States helping them. Perhaps this method is getting a bit old-fashioned. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

"principle" of tolls is coming back to plague us. High tolls on Labrador ore would divert it from the Great Lakes area to the Atlantic seaboard. It would create an unfair disadvantage for Canadian ore from Labrador, while American ore from Minnesota continued to float through the Sault Ste. Marie locks without charge.

Worst of all, if present St. Lawrence traffic were to continue toll-free, we'd have to maintain the present 14-foot draft canal system. We would be like the farmer who cut a large hole in his barn door for the dog to get out and another smaller hole for the cat.

Ottawa is hoping desperately that when the Seaway Agreement is put before the repentant and co-operative 81st Congress, all reference to canal tolls may be deleted.

As the new session gets under way, the question of Senate reform is again being discussed—this time with a slight difference. Even within the well-insulated walls of the Red Chamber, there's a growing realization that the present constitutional system is moving rapidly from the ridiculous to the impossible.

In the present Senate there are 80 members—65 Liberals and 15 Conservatives. No Conservative has been appointed since the Bennett regime fell 13 years ago. Some time before the general election the Government will fill 16 Senate vacancies and appoint six new Senators from Newfoundland. The count will then be Liberal 86, Conservatives 15.

The Senate death rate is normally about six or seven a year and the Conservative group, because of its advanced age, loses more than its proportionate share. One more Liberal term in power might well reduce the Senate to little better than a one-party House.

A few people, in the Government and

in the Senate itself, have seen this coming for several years. Two years ago it was suggested that the senators themselves devise a plan of reform.

Against considerable opposition they did at least change their own rules to permit Ministers to enter the Senate Chamber and initiate legislation there. This could have the effect of giving the Senators more work to do, although up to now it hasn't made much difference. No other reform has yet been suggested.

An age limit of 75 for new appointees has a good deal of support even in the Upper Chamber. That would not correct the disparity of party representation at once, but it would soon help to alleviate it if there were a change of government.

Another alternative often suggested is that a certain number of Senators—one third, perhaps—might be appointed by provincial rather than the federal government. Thus Ontario could then boast Conservative strength, Saskatchewan could introduce a few CCF-ers and Mr. Dupont would find a haven for older National Unionists. But however logical this scheme might be, it is unlikely to find much favor with either the Senate or the present Government.

A third solution, which would require no formal change in the Constitution but a major departure from custom, would be to take the Senate out of politics altogether. The Government could appoint, instead of superannuated politicians, a group of men whose claim to distinction has nothing to do with party activity—outstanding businessmen, teachers, labor leaders, university presidents, doctors, artists, community leaders of all sorts. The Senate might then become a genuinely consultative body with little or no partisan slant. Then the disappearance of the Senate Opposition wouldn't matter.

However, one thing is certain. If such a reform were ever made, it wouldn't come during an election year.

Queen Elizabeth

1933-1937



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Historic BRITAIN

Come this year to friendly, hospitable Britain. A crowded calendar of cultural and sporting events has been planned for your enjoyment . . . Age-old traditional pageantry and ceremonial . . . the glamour of the London "season" . . . festivals of drama and music . . . sporting occasions like the Grand National, the Derby, golf at St. Andrews . . . Britain is eager to welcome you, but—make your reservations for transportation and hotels early. See your travel agent—now.

COMING EVENTS

Shakespeare Festival, Stratford-upon-Avon, April 14—October
British Industries Fair, May 2—13
Derby—The Oaks, June 1—4
Wimbledon International Lawn Tennis Tournament, June 20—July 2



The Tower of London

COMING EVENTS

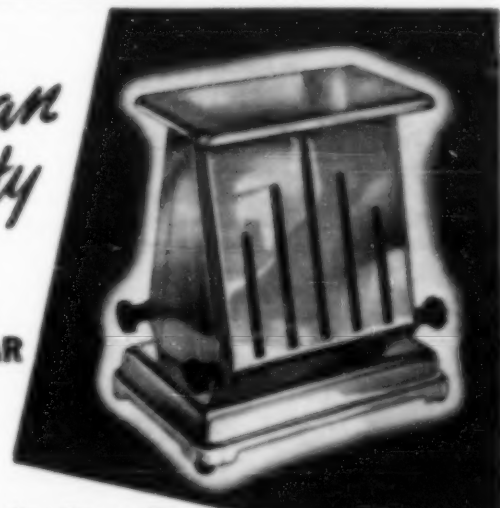
Bath Assembly, Music, Opera, Drama, May 8—23
Trooping the Colour, June 9
Open Golf Championship, July 4—6
Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama, August 21—September 11

Information and illustrated literature from The British Travel Association (Tourist Division of the British Tourist and Holiday Board), 312 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., or Room 410 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Que.

BT-1944

Canadian Beauty

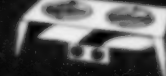
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Backstage With Barbara Ann

Continued from page 13

organization, allots other M.C.A. officials often to look after Barbara Ann. Her publicity agent is George B. Evans, (who thought up Sinatra's hobby-sox campaign), who also has people from his office double for him at times. Twentieth-Century Fox representatives also appear on the scene as escorts or advisers.

These men work on the theory that even if you are the world's best skater you aren't a Broadway star overnight, though your name glitters on the marquee. Long before Barbara Ann's first night a lot of finagling had gone on behind the scenes.

George Evans had arranged for the young Canadian girl to be met on her arrival by New York's deputy mayor and given the key to the city. He'd arranged invitations for her to dinners, receptions, and photographing orgies which later blossomed out in papers across the continent. He'd planned radio broadcasts and interviews. As well as a few "you-pat-my-back-and-I'll-pat-yours" occasions such as the party by juvenile expert and syndicated columnist Betty Beta, at her studio, which publicized the hostess' trip to Europe, Al Capp's Schmoos (as balloons, soap, candy and toys) and Barbara Ann.

It's Not Easy at the Top

Having a star's dressing room and a weekly salary in five figures doesn't really add up to either glamour or an easy life.

Here's a day, typical of those in-training for profession times. There'll be many days like this between shows and appearances.

This particular day Barbara Ann got up just before seven. She wanted a chance to practice on Roxy's ice cube of a rink. She had a glass of orange juice, a piece of brown toast, and a glass of milk for breakfast. She helped a breakfast guest into her coat, held the door open for her mother and, carrying her valise and skates, beamed at the doorman. A cab took her to the theatre, where she tried to glance at her mail while changing into a brief pair of grey shorts and a crisply clean blouse for practicing. Her pianist stuck his head in and announced that he was sleepy but ready.

The mail this morning included a picture from a boy in Willimantic, Connecticut, a poem from a Mid-western poet, 17 requests for autographed photographs from children to young boys to elderly men, a Christmas card from a real-estate salesman, a request for \$3,000 from a Quebec woman, a long letter from a child minding a store in a Nova Scotian village, who wrote, "As soon as mummy comes home and can take over I'm going to go out skating so I thought I'd write you." There was a handkerchief from an invalid farmer, a letter from a boy in boarding school saying thanks for the photograph, it won him a bet from the other guys.

All letters have in common a peculiar familiarity of tone as though the writers were old, close friends of Barbara Ann's. Barbara Ann reads every one of them with obvious interest and pleasure. Every single one is answered.

When she is about ready to go on ice word comes that a photographer from a Sunday paper is in the theatre. Would she wear something dressy? There have been other sessions for newspaper men when for as long as four hours Barbara Ann has repeated her whirl-

and airy skimmings until all were satisfied with their shots. This time it is for a color shot.

Again and again Barbara Ann jumps, spins, leaps, spirals, over the spot the cameraman has marked, to the tune of "Look, honey, just do it again, let's go honey, just once more." In the rococo dimness of the cavernous Roxy, workmen are touching up the gilt, a stout Negro woman is sewing up a rip in the carpet.

On the ice stage, diminutive behind the vast spread of the front stage, the slender blond girl goes over and over the fleet, graceful movements. In the dimness a yawning usher words the opinion of most of blasé Broadway. "She oughta make it look more difficult. That just looks too darn easy."

She is hot and perspiring but still cheery when it's over. By now the curtain goes down and the early theatregoers fill in for the first show. Behind the thick curtain Barbara Ann prepares for her practicing. The pianist takes his head from his arms and shakes his head drowsily. As the movie blasts out the girl and the pianist try to concentrate on the routine. You can hardly hear the piano.

A Time writer has turned up and shouts at Mrs. Scott above the noise. "Has she always skated?"

"Always," Mrs. Scott says. "I sometimes wonder why she didn't take up the piano. Easier."

By now the ballet mistress has turned up. She watches Barbara Ann skate and calls out, "You don't make it dramatic enough. Put more PUNCH into it. Lift up your arms for your last bow."

Mrs. Scott explains to the Time writer, "In competitive skating you are never supposed to have your arms above your hips. That's what the child's been used to."

The pianist beats a tattoo on his forehead and calls out, "I can't even hear myself think." The movie blares on. Barbara Ann practices lifting her arms.

There is hardly time for lunch before an appointment for a broadcast at Radio City. Barbara Ann says wistfully she doesn't want any lunch. Mrs. Scott insists on it. It takes 15 minutes with another publicity man on tab for the next step. There is always a representative of M.C.A., 20-Century Fox, or the publicity office, with Barbara Ann wherever she goes.

Invitation to Dinner

It's a radio program for rebroadcasting with Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenberg for a Sunday-morning breakfast show. Barbara Ann turns, unexpectedly, at the mike, from a quiet shy child into a very self-possessed, amusing raconteuse.

The two good-looking veterans of the air are delighted. They say, "Come and visit us. Come for dinner sometime." "Oh, thank you," says Barbara Ann. "I'm so glad to have met you. I've listened to you for such a long time and enjoyed it ever so much."

Now the taxi beats through traffic-jammed streets to Brooks Costumers, on Sixth Avenue. Up a dingy staircase to a well-lit room where designers, seamstresses, hangers-on, costumiers and Canadian newsmen wait.

James Stroock, handsome, book-nosed, grey-haired proprietor of the place, lets it be known that Brooks (trade name for the Stroock enterprise) has "costumed Sonja Henie."

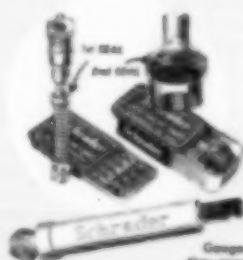
The dress has an immense marabou trim, the bonnet is a vast halo of marabou. Barbara Ann's face looks small and peeked underneath it. Mrs. Scott suggests something a trifle simpler.



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THE Windsor
ON DOMINION SQUARE
J. ALDERIC RAYMOND,
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"We are more accustomed to something simpler," she says.

"This is a different thing," Mr. Stroock says. "It's for the girl's own good. We must glamourize her."

"We were asked to stay the same," Mrs. Scott says. "Don't let them change Barbara Ann, everybody always says to me."

"The Roxy stage is a different thing from a skating competition," Mrs. Stroock points out. "Miss Joan Personette has designed some of the best Roxy effects. B.A. would look like a pygmy in too simple a costume. The public expects an ice queen to look like an ice queen."

There are little huddles of conversation in the room. By the mirrors, between the seamstresses, under the hot bright lights Barbara Ann turns this way and that. "I like quite simple things," she says in a small voice.

"You can't always wear the same things," the designer says crisply.

In the end, for the opening, though the bonnet is not Barbara Ann's own skullcap, it is one third the size of the original.

It's getting on toward late afternoon but there is still an interview with Earl Wilson, the Broadway columnist, at George Evans' office. He is a stodgy little man with a cynical lift to the corner of his mouth.

He closes himself up in a room with Barbara Ann, shutting out Mrs. Scott and George Evans. About an hour later he emerges looking dazed. Says he, "She's the widest-eyed, blue-eyed gal I ever met. And I fear she's real."

George Evans says to Barbara Ann, "Don't forget the Freedom Train Meeting. At eight. Somebody will pick you up."

What About Sonja?

So Barbara Ann has a couple of hours to herself. The doorman at the hotel greets her warmly. The desk clerk has her mail ready with a smile. The elevator operator hopes she's well.

Up to her room, 16 floors above Fifth Street, where the shrill wailing of taxicabs caught in traffic jams rings clearly. Out of one window a glimpse of the East River presents a lighted ship in the early dusk. In her room, Junior, the toy koola bear which, as a mascot, has followed Barbara Ann throughout Europe, stares beady-eyed at his mistress. Pictures of friends are on the dresser. Tidiness rules the room.

"I think I'll just have some corn flakes up here for dinner," Barbara Ann says, "and wash my stockings, and lie down for a bit." Which she does.

The Freedom Train is a United States movement to stress the country's heritage and freedom—among school children by rallies, among adults by a train which carries historical documents from city to city. This is a meeting at a public school.

Besides a short program of folk dances the occasion serves to have Barbara Ann Scott present certificates to the best citizen boy and girl.

During the presentation the master of ceremonies turns to Barbara Ann and interviews her over the loudspeaker. "And what do you think of Sonja Henie?" he booms.

There is a pregnant silence. "I admire her very much," Barbara Ann says very firmly. "I've always admired her."

Afterward the kids mob Barbara Ann. They stand on chairs and benches and push forward. It takes two big men to get the slight girl to the comparative safety of the platform.

And then the day is nearly over. The great city bursts into its nightly jeweled glitter. And its newest star, weary and smiling a little with a cold,

climbs a stool in the drugstore of a small hotel and says, "Could I have a hot lemonade, please?"

"Look, honey," says the counter-man, "you need a bun. I'll toast you one."

He looks so delighted at this idea that Barbara Ann nods.

A swarthy, small man on the next stool turns around. "Are you Barbara Ann Scott?" he asked. "I'm from Persia."

While the girl drinks her lemonade and eats her bun the two strangers in Manhattan talk. It sounds easy and friendly. It ends with the Persian getting off the stool and informing the drugstore generally, "I go to Roxy to see this girl skate. If you smart, you go too."

Ponies, Dogs—and B.A.

Or it's a day during an engagement. Take last Christmas Day for example. While the rest of us were carousing about the tree, stuffing ourselves with turkey and visiting friends, young Barbara Ann spent from 11 a.m. to long after midnight at the Roxy, in her dressing room, backstage, on stage, giving five shows.

It's a 10-minute cab trip, across town, from her hotel to the unostentatious stage entrance of the Roxy. At the door the cadaverous but friendly doorman hands her a stack of mail and telegrams. She flips through it quickly to see whether any are from friends.

At the end of the ground-floor corridor there is a small elevator which stops just outside her dressing room.

Ernie Adler, the make-up man, comes in while she is still opening her mail and starts to make her up.

"Don't make my mouth so large, Ernie, please," Barbara Ann says. "Don't make my eyebrows so dark."

"You have to, for the lights," the stocky man insists in his lipping voice. "You aren't an amateur now."

Backstage, later, he said, "What that girl doesn't know about the theatre could fill a book. I'll have to help her quite a while yet. She hasn't come up the harsh way that teaches you what's what, like the rest of us."

Meanwhile Barbara Ann would be putting on her net stockings, her brilliant-studded, pale-blue, marabout-trimmed, \$9,000 costume for the first number, and her skates.

Then she would stand backstage in the wings, a slender, shiny figure, her eyes wide, surrounded by the performing ponies, the wise little dogs, and other variety artists. She'd go on into the bright lights, and from the vast dark hollow of the theatre would come applause, muted by the wide stage. She concentrates intensely on the moment. But out there in the seats they would see only her flashing, small-girl smile, her easy grace.

Ten times that Christmas Day she changed, laced on shoes, unlaced shoes, tramped up and down between stage and the dressing room.

It was a different Christmas from the year before in snow-glistening Davos, amid the Swiss Alps, the world championship in her pocket, and days of sunshine in open air ahead of her. Today she lives in a time-faded make-believe world where she is advised to forget many of those very arts that won her the right to be a star. Now she is told: "Put more oomph into it. This is show business."

And then, as for many nights to follow, as the shows on Broadway began to close and night clubs filled with festive patrons, the young girl and her mother walked home to the hotel, down New York's winter-slushy streets, welcoming the air, and the quiet hours ahead, until tomorrow. ■



A dream in chocolate cream

light and luscious treat ... made with MAGIC

A creamy white frosting on a creamy gold cake...lavishly topped with melty rich chocolate! It's Magic's sweet and sumptuous Chocolate Cream Cake—a sure bet for the "favorite dessert" list. No

cake-loving family can resist the delicious flavor, the delicate texture that mark all Magic-baked cakes. 3 generations of Canadian homemakers have depended on Magic. For finer, more economical baking—always use pure, dependable Magic Baking Powder.

CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE

2 c. sifted all-purpose flour	1/2 c. shortening	1/2 c. orange juice
3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder	1 c. sugar	
1 tsp. salt	3 egg yolks	1/2 c. milk
	1 tbs. grated orange rind	Melted sweetened chocolate

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream together shortening and sugar. Beat in egg yolks, one at a time. Add orange rind. Add orange juice and milk alternately with flour to creamed mixture. Bake in 2 greased 9" layer pans, in 375°F. oven 25-30 min. Cool 5 min. Remove layers from pans; cool on wire rack. Spread frosting between and on top and sides of cake. Pour slightly sweetened melted chocolate over the top.

Puffy Frosting: Add 1/4 tsp. salt to 3 egg whites (saved from cake) and 1/2 cup sugar. Cook over boiling water, beating constantly with egg beater, 7 min., or until icing stands in peaks.





MAI ZETTERLING
Sweet Mystery of Sweden—
Here It Is Again



Carla Bergman—now Zetterling—what is this strange power exotic Swedish stars hold over the box office?

Presumably, it has something to do with the fact that they not only look like great stars but can also act like it.

★ ★ ★

It was FRIEDA which brought Mai Zetterling to the attention of Canadians. She will be seen in quick succession in four more films and one in particular has sent her fame skyrocketing in those European capitals which still consider themselves the connoisseurs of glamour.

This is PORTRAIT FROM LIFE, with three potent male supporting stars as well, Robert Beatty, the Canadian; Guy Rolfe and Herbert Lum.

★ ★ ★

Mai Zetterling is one of the octette of stars in QUARTET, by and with Somerset Maugham. She will appear in the film version of the London stage hit, COCKPIT. With Dennis Price and Joan Greenwood, she heads the cast of LORD BYRON, photographed in Venice.

★ ★ ★

The title of Margaret Lockwood's deliberately frivolous new romance, in which she also sings, will be LOOK BEFORE YOU LOVE.

Set in Rio de Janeiro and other current centres of the gay life, it also continues Griffith (MIRANDA) Jones' career of charm and introduces Norman Wooland of HAMLET to lighter things.

★ ★ ★

Hugh Walpole's novel of the private lives of teachers, MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAILL, is now being discussed by the screening room experts in the same tones of voice originally used for "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips".

★ ★ ★

For the final playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.

An **EAGLE-LION** Release

WIT AND WISDOM

'Twas Brillig and the Slithy Toves—"The Dunlin, the Knot, the Godwit, and the Phalarope—to these Miss Quick's book offers an introduction." Give these bird watchers enough phalarope and they'll hang themselves.—*Toronto Star*.

But Will It Still Be Warm?—The federal cabinet is reported to be considering spending millions of dollars on the yet-to-be-built Trans-Canada Highway. Perhaps some day soon those American tourists who cross at Niagara and want to drive to Vancouver for tea will be able to do so, even if it takes them a bit longer than they expect.—*Brantford Expositor*.

Progress—Farmers are said to be resentful of the fact that so few of them have bathrooms. They want six rooms and a bath instead of six rooms and a path.—*Oshawa Gazette*.

Spinach Perhaps?—"Excessive heating colors hay." And then some disappointed horse curls up its nose and sniffs, "That ain't hay."—*Toronto Star*.

Thank Heaven—Not all children are alike. Some are yours.—*Brandon Daily Sun*.

The Civilized Mole—In the New York subway drop a dime in a slot and get a hot cup of coffee. This enables the New Yorker to breakfast, as well as travel, without the danger of exposure to daylight.—*Northern Daily News*.

\$17.49 Worth—Talk is not cheap at the United Nations where it is estimated that every word spoken in recent sessions cost 53 cents and 10,000,000 were spoken at the sessions just adjourned in Paris.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Or to a Few Wild Oats—The number of girls in agricultural college is remarkable, though later, in the natural course, some will switch from animal husbandry to husband husbandry.—*Calgary Herald*.

That Five-Year Shadow—Inmates of a London prison must shave daily—so what's the advantage of being in jail there?—*Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*.

And Get Another Woman—University instruction in Manitoba includes how to get the little woman out of bed: simply pull the covers off and dump her on the floor.—*Montreal Times-Herald*.

WILFIE

By Jay Work



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BRIGHTER-LASTING

LAL LAMPS

INCANDESCENT and FLUORESCENT

Cross Country



THE MARITIMES

THE 29-year-old wooden bridge across the upper reaches of the St. John River at Hartland, N.B., is an outdated relic. It's too narrow for present-day traffic, in summer it's a fire hazard and in winter snow has to be hauled and spread on it so that farmers can cross it with sleighs.

But although it's on the Trans-Canada Highway and ought to be replaced with a more modern span, the people of Hartland don't want to see their old bridge go. Reason: it's the longest covered bridge in the world—just 38 feet short of a quarter of a mile—and the town's chief tourist attraction.

During the postwar steel shortage of 1920, the bridge was built of wood with the promise of a steel span later. But nobody now knows why it was covered. Everybody in Hartland does know, though, that if you cross it at exactly 28 miles an hour, you can get a clear view of the St. John River through the cracks between the boards that form its sides, just as if there were no boards there at all.

QUEBEC

In East End Montreal, not far from the oil refineries, the cement works and the smelters, one of Canada's most unusual municipalities spreads back from the St. Lawrence over several hundred acres. It is St. Jean de Dieu, a town housed almost entirely under one roof. Its mayor is the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Providence, its permanent residents are 1,000 nuns and lay employees and the bulk of its population is 6,500 mental invalids. For St. Jean de Dieu is the French Catholic mental hospital for Montreal.

Like every other town, St. Jean de Dieu has a housing shortage. Montrealers were recently shocked to learn that about 1,000 certified insane people were roaming their streets. They should be in St. Jean de Dieu but the nuns of the 76-year-old institution have no room for them. Meanwhile the waiting list is growing at the rate of 40 to 50 a week.

ONTARIO

The amazing Calgary-Toronto love affair shows no signs of languishing.

It all began when the Stampeders and their Wild West supporters invaded the Ontario capital last fall to carry off the Grey Cup. To everyone's surprise, Toronto gave the exuberant Californians a warm welcome. (Ottawans grumbled that it would have been different if the Argus, and not the Roughriders, had reached the East-West final.)

Mayor Hiram McCallum of Toronto endeared himself to Calgary and won himself the sobriquet of "Cowboy McCallum" when he led the visitors up Bay Street on a sleek horse. When Cowboy was re-elected, Alderman Don Mackay of Calgary wired him:

"Reckon we Calgary hillbillies were mighty pleased to see yuh sittin' on the old corral on New Year's night with all opposition well-spurred and subdued."

Now Mayor McCallum has been invited to come to Calgary next July to open the Stampede and to bring a whole trainload of Torontonians with him to stay the entire five days. Said a Toronto columnist: "If this spirit of hands - across - the - prairies develops much further, Torontonians will begin to walk bowlegged and call cattle 'ornery critters' just like in the radio serials."

In the closing days of 1948, the town of Oil Springs, Ont., turned water into its new municipal mains, and celebrated the end of a drought that had lasted for almost 90 years. Oil Springs has drilled often for water, but all it ever hit was—oil.

Oil was first produced in the Oil Springs field in 1858 when James H. Williams sunk a pit in the gummy banks of Black Creek and bailed out the oil that flowed into the hole. This was the first oil production in America, a year ahead of Drake's famous pioneer well in Titusville, Pa. The first real well was not drilled at Black Creek until 1862—a gusher that covered the ice of the creek a foot deep for a mile.

Overnight, the town mushroomed. Soon there were more than 200 producing wells in the district. The population grew to 4,000 and the town looked around for a water supply.

Wells were sunk. No luck—just more oil or oily water. They tried again—still no water. One crew struck oil and enough gas to light and cook for the whole town. But water had to be hauled by horse-drawn tank carts from farm wells north of Black Creek.

As the years passed, the oil field began to show its age and today it's nearly worked out. But still the town had no reliable water supply. Then a creamery operator sank a well and got a beautiful clear flow. But this well was

north of Black Creek, and it was suddenly realized that in all its vain search for water, Oil Springs had never tried the other side of the stream.

Town Council had two wells drilled north of the creek. At 60 feet they each brought in abundant water. The long hunt was over.

THE PRAIRIES

If tourists in Alberta next summer get the 49th parallel confused with the Mason-Dixon Line, don't be surprised. For around Medicine Hat they're going to try to grow cotton.

The Industrial Promotion Committee of Medicine Hat thinks the soil and climate of the area may be suitable for cotton growing. It has obtained seed from Texas and South Carolina and farmers have promised to plan experimental plots.

...

With two thriving new fields flowing—at Leduc and Redwater—the Province of Alberta will collect \$12 millions in oil royalties, leases and rentals in the current fiscal year, three times the estimate when the budget was passed last year. Oil has replaced liquor as the province's chief source of revenue.

Oil has also added another town to Alberta—Devon, in the Leduc field, named for the Devonian limestone in which the crude was located. Devon is a prefabricated planned community laid out to accommodate an eventual 2,000 people and four oil wells. Two of the wells in the town are already producing.

Devon houses are made in Calgary at a rate of one a day, assembled on their site and sold at prices between \$4,000 and \$8,700.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

B. C.'s compulsory hospital insurance plan went into effect New Year's Day and within a week nine out of 10 citizens had paid their premium: \$15 a year for single persons, \$25 a year for a couple.

It paid to pay up; uninsured persons entering hospital after Jan. 1 were liable to the full cost of their care plus a fine of \$25.

Those insured are entitled to public-ward accommodation but not to medical or surgical attention, drugs, anaesthetics or special nurses. Chronic cases, such as TB, are not covered, nor are patients in crippled children's hospitals.

Even so, the premiums are generally considered reasonable. Public ward rates, now around \$6 a day, are being raised to about \$8.

Toronto's Mayor, "Cowboy" McCallum, made hillbillies happy. (Ontario).



Winter Sailings
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EMPRESS

On your next trip to Britain enjoy spacious accommodation and restful comfort on a completely reconditioned 20,000 ton Canadian Pacific White Empress. Frequent sailings from Saint John and Halifax by *Empress of Canada* and *Empress of France*... first class return accommodation available.

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To LIVERPOOL

Feb. 16... EMPRESS OF CANADA
Mar. 2... EMPRESS OF FRANCE
Mar. 16... EMPRESS OF CANADA
Mar. 26... EMPRESS OF FRANCE
Apr. 12... EMPRESS OF CANADA

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Canadian Pacific



don't take chances with dry scalp *



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Have hair that's naturally attractive...always in place!

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic does the trick... and does it nature's way by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Keeps your hair soft, lustrous, quickly responsive to brush or comb. The largest selling hair preparation in the world.

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

AWAKING tardily after a late night recently, a young fellow in Winnipeg dreamed in such a rush he didn't discover until he was halfway to work that he'd forgotten to put on a tie. Executing a hasty detour via a big department store, he slid to a stop in front of the tie counter, grabbed one off the first rack he spotted and waved the cravat like a sailor in distress, trying to catch the attention of a clerk. It was no use at all: the clerks were all engaged in animated post mortems on the parties they had attended the night before. Finally the customer put the tie around his neck, knotted it, and after one last desperate look about him, fled to his office, already half an hour late.

He came back after work to pay up, of course. But now it was within a few minutes of closing and the clerks were all too busy planning more parties and paid no attention. The fellow shrugged, tore off the tie, hung it back on the rack, and went home.

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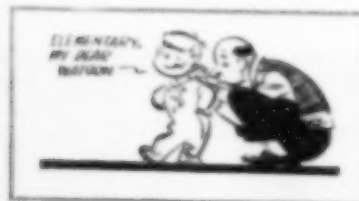
The lady had emigrated from her native Sweden many long years ago, and was beside herself with delight when a friend from the old country came to visit her in Canada. When the station platform tins and kisses were over, the lady asked her friend what was in the small, heavy package under her arm.

"My radio," was the reply. "It is a nice little radio, and I have brought it all the way from Stockholm."

The expatriate's round pink face lit up. "Ah, good!" she cried. "Now we can hear again some real Swenska music!"

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An obliging bachelor in Canterbury, N.H., did a spot of baby sitting for some friends the other night. He and his three-year-old charge were old pals and there was no trouble at all. The bachelor naturally wasn't any too familiar with the mechanics

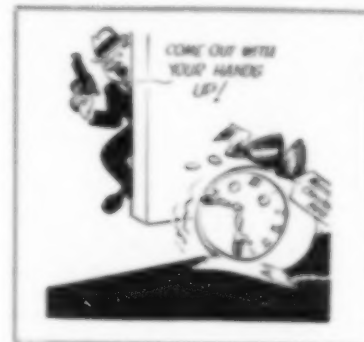


of junior-size nightwear, so he asked the little fellow how the one-piece pyjamas went on. The lad turned them over, studying them carefully, then passed them back to the sitter.

"Porridge goes in front," he said.

A couple of Christmas stories have reached us which make reasonable reading as the bill collectors patrol the streets. First concerns the staff of a finance company in Belleville, Ont., who so love their boss that they chipped in and bought him a beautiful electric clock for his desk. They stayed late, the night before Christmas, to get it all rigged up on the desk and flanked by an oversize greeting card. Then the office wit discovered the clock had an alarm, and set it to go off at 9.30 so it would greet the old man just as he hung up his hat and coat next morning.

Well, the rest followed like clockwork. The alarm went off promptly



at 9.30 the same night, of course, and its faint tinkling thoroughly aroused the elderly lady living in the apartment upstairs. "Burglars," she yelled via telephone to the only man on the staff whom she knew—and the only one, it also happened, who didn't know about the big surprise. He relayed the message to the boss, then raced him down to the office. The boss won, though, and the staffer burst into the premises just in time to find his employer standing in the doorway of his private office, gun in hand, staring blankly at the tinkling clock and the big sign, "MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOSS!"

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When it came to raffling off Christmas turkeys, the president of the Rotary club in Penticton, B.C., set the pace in selling tickets. So a good-natured cheer went up when the day of the draw came and the prey won the first turkey himself: but then he won the second bird—and the third.

Hastily the president hammered for silence, and blushing profusely, suggested that the third bird be raffled all over again. Two-bit tickets were hastily circulated among the crowd gathered for the draw, and needless to say everyone bought one to help the charitable cause. Everyone including the president, who won this time, too.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 401 University Ave., Toronto.

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